THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

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THE YOUNG WIDOW.

She is modest, but not bashful;
Free and easy, but not bold;
Like an apple—ripe and mellow;
Not too young and not too old.
Half inviting, half repulsing;
Now advancing, and now shy;
There is mischief in her dimple,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature,
She is schooled in all the arts:
She has taken her diploma
As the mistress of all hearts.
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile:
Oh, a maid is sometimes charming,
But the widow all the while!

Are you sad? how very serious
Will her handsome face become;
Are you angry? she is wretched,
Lonely, friendless, fearful, dumb;
Are you mirthful? how her laughter,
Silver sounding, will ring out;
She can lure, and catch, and play you,
As the angler does the trout.

You old bachelors of forty,
Who have grown so bold and wise,
Young Americans of twenty
With the love-locks in your eyes,
You may practice all your lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little widow
Who could win and fool you all.

THE LADY LISLE.

CHAPTER I.

AFTER EIGHT YEARS.

The red glory of an autumn sunset blazed upon the dark patches of furze and the trembling fringes of purple heather that crowned the ridgy summit of a hill in the county of Sussex.

Far away there mingled with the low, complaining voice of the September wind, the long wailings of the distant ocean.

Up and down, up and down, upon a narrow pathway, that wound along the brow of this great hill, paced a lady, dressed in widow's weeds, who never took her eyes from the crimson horizon, and the long purple line of the distant sea.

A boy, of about seven years of age, ran backwards and forwards among the furze bushes, stopping now and then to gather the yellow blossoms, which, five minutes afterwards, he trampled under his feet.

The smoke from two or three cottage chimneys at the foot of this hill only broke the utter solitude of the barren landscape; but in the winding road which skirted the hill side, a low phæton, with a pair of impatient cream colored ponies, stood waiting for its occupants.

This carriage had waited for upwards of an hour, and the groom was tired of driving slowly up and down, listening to the whirr of the partridges, and the report of some sportsman's fowling-piece, far away upon the downs.

"When are you going home, mamma?" the boy said, presently, running to his mother's side.

"Very soon."

"I am so tired!"

"My Rupert!" She laid her hand caressingly upon the boy's shoulder, but never took her eyes from the fading sunlight over the darkening line of the distant sea. "My boy, Dr. Parsons says you must have exercise; that's why I bring you up here. Run about, run about, my darling."

"I hate running about. Play with me, mamma. Play at horses."

The lady sighed heavily, and, drawing her great shawl closer round her, prepared to comply with the boy's request.

She was tall and slender. Altogether very delicate in appearance. She was dazzlingly fair; she had large, light blue eyes, lovely in color, but perhaps rather wanting in expression; a small, straight nose; a mouth which did not promise much decision of character; and long, loose, floating curls, of the palest flaxen hair. She would have been a beautiful doll, but she was not a beautiful woman.

She drew her rich mourning shawl closely round her, knotted the ends at the back of her waist, and giving them to her son, began to run up and down the mountain ridge; the boy shouting to her with a feeble, treble voice.

This he called playing at horses.

She ran very slowly, but quite fast enough to please her son, up and down, up and down, till her breath failed her, and she stopped suddenly, holding her two little gloved hands over her beating heart; the boy still dragging at the fringe of her shawl.

With the last rays of the red sun upon his pale olive face, with the dying light fading in the depths of his brown eyes, with his long shadow stretching out grim and gigantic upon the hill behind him, in the pathway exactly opposite to her, stood a man, whom she had not seen for eight years.

"Captain Walsingham!" she cried with a terrified shiver in her voice, which was neither a gasp nor a scream.

"Lady Lisle!" He lifted his hat; the September wind caught the clusters of his short black hair, and swept them away from his low forehead.

He was very handsome; but his dark beauty had something foreign in its character. Heavy, but perfectly chiselled features, an olive complexion, and brown eyes, that looked as black as midnight, so shrouded were they by their inky lashes. He was tall, broad-chested, and rather stout; he carried a cane in his hand, on the gold handle of which he leaned, as he stood opposite Lady Lisle. There was no surprise in his manner at this meeting, and very little animation. After a pause, he said—

"I saw his death in a paper."

She looked at him with scared, bewildered eyes, and murmured—

"I thought you were in India."

"Yes; but I saw his death in a paper. I was drinking bitter beer at a club house in Calcutta, with a lot of fellows who were playing billiards; some one put an English newspaper into my hand. I rarely read the papers; but I looked at this, and read, 'Sir Reginald Lisle, Bart., of Lislewood Park, Sussex, aged twenty-nine,' among the other deaths. The *Dalhousie* sailed the next day, and I sailed with it."

"Then you still—"

"Love you. As much as ever."

He took her little gloved hand in his, and pressed it gently to his lips. The boy pulled violently at the fringe of her shawl, and cried out—

"Who is he, mamma, and why does he kiss your hand? Why does he love you? He is not my poor papa."

Captain Walsingham laid his hand on the boy's head, and turning his pale, sickly face to the dying light, looked earnestly at it, as he said—

"You are like your mamma, both in face and in character, Sir Rupert Lisle, and you and I will be very good friends. I will play at horses with you."

"Then I shall like you very much," said the boy.

"You were surprised to see me, Lady Lisle? Yet what more natural? I saw Sir Reginald's death in the paper; the next day I started for England. Arrived at Dover, I ascertained that you were still living at Lislewood. I came across immediately, without even going to London; went straight to the house, was told you had driven out in the pony carriage, and came here to find you."

"Why here?" she asked.

"You cannot guess? Because on the brow of this hill we parted, in September, eight years ago; and because I thought yourmight sometimes come to see the old spot."

"You will come and stay at the park?"

"No. I will stop at the Golden Lion, at Lislewood, and I will ride over to the park every day. If I stayed at your house, the people would begin to talk of you."

"Ah, to be sure. You are quite right."

She had thought for herself so seldom, and had been so used all her life to act upon the opinions of other people, that the most obvious ideas never appeared to occur to her spontaneously.

"I saw your pony carriage in the road yonder, and recognized the Lisle livery. Will you drive me home with you?"

"Yes, if you will come. We dine at seven. It is past that time, I think; but I always keep dinner waiting—they are used to it. Come, Rupert."

She took the boy's hand in hers, and they descended the hill, Captain Walsingham walking by her side.

"You do not say that you are glad to see me," he said, after a pause, striking the brown heather with the end of his cane as he spoke.

"You terrified me so much. You should have written to tell me that you were coming. I am not very strong."

"No," he said, with a curious, half-scornful laugh, "not strong, never strong. Neither strong to oppose, to resist, or to endure. Forgive me, Lady Lisle, Heaven knows whether the defect is in your soul or your constitution. I sometimes wonder whether you have a soul."

"You are as cruel as ever, Arthur," she said, her large blue eyes filling with tears.

"Send your son on to the carriage, and walk here with me for five minutes."

She obeyed him immediately, and the little boy ran down the hill to the pony phæton, and clambered into his seat by the side of the groom.

"Claribel Lisle," said the soldier, passionately, "do you know that years ago, far away in India, I have fallen upon my knees and prayed to God to bring about this meeting of to-night? It was a wicked prayer, was it not? for it involved the death of a man who had never injured me; but it has been granted as my curse. It was a passionate, mad, blind, reckless, desperate, heathenish prayer. 'Let me meet her a beggar in the street; let me meet her a fever-stricken wretch in an hospital; let me meet her abandoned and despised by every creature upon this wide earth; only let me meet her, and meet her howsoever or wheresoever I may, as there is light in Heaven, I will make her my wife.' This was years ago; throughout these weary eight years past, I have prayed this prayer. It is granted, and I am here."

"Sir Reginald was very good to me," she said, as if in answer to this speech; "I tried to do my duty to him."

"Oh, yes, Claribel, I can fancy that. You did your duty to your aunt and your guardians when you broke my heart eight years ago, and jilted me to marry Sir Reginald Lisle."

"They worried me so dreadfully—they said such cruel things!"

"Yes, they said that I was in love with your fortune, did they not? They said that the penniless Indian officer only courted the orphan daughter of the wealthy merchant for the thousands left to her by her father. This was what they said, and you—you—who knew me and my love—you believed them, Claribel."

"I was afraid to trust my own judgment."

"Yes, Lady Lisle, that has been the sin of your life." He grasped her slender wrists with his two strong hands, and held her at a little distance from him, looking earnestly into her fair face. "Good heavens! what a frail and pitiful reed it is for a man to build the whole fabric of his life upon! Who can wonder that the shipwreck came? My poor, beautiful, fragile, soulless Claribel, one might as well look for strength in these trembling harebells, as hope for faith and constancy from you."

"You are very cruel, Arthur."

"Am I? Do you remember September, eight years ago? Who was cruel then?—Claribel, we are standing on the very spot on which we stood, side by side, that night. Oh, how the old agony comes back to me with the old scene! How the unforgotten tortures return, and rend this tired heart! Night after night, year after year, I have dreamed of this hill, and of the scene of our parting. I have heard the rustle of your silk dress as the breeze swept it past the low furze bushes. I have felt the light touch of your little hand resting upon my arm. I have seen your tears. I have recalled your heartless words, no less heartless to me because they inflicted pain upon yourself. I have clasped you to my breast in that last anguish of parting, and have woke to look up at the stars through the canvas roof of my tent in the jungle, and to hear, far away in the distance, the long howl of the hungry jackals."

"I suffered very much. I suffered as much as you," she said, in broken accents.

"No, Claribel. It is such a common mistake to think that a woman suffers most from such a grief as this. She suffers; but she suffers at home; and the sorrow has often, in its worst misery, a chastening influence which makes her a better woman. With a man it is different. He sees his hopes shattered, and the scheme of his life destroyed, and, turning his back to the wreck, he goes out into the world to seek for —'distraction.' I will not tell you, Lady Lisle, what a wide meaning this word 'distraction' bears. I will only tell you, that eight years ago I was worthy of you—to-day, I am not."

"You do not love me, then?" she asked.

"Yes, Claribel, yes. My heart never had the power to love any other than you. I have seen lovelier women, and better women; but it was my madness and my misery to be powerless to forget you, or to cease to love you. I despised you for your falsehood, I cursed you for desertion; but through eight desolate, hopeless, weary, reckless years I remembered and I loved you. Do I deserve any reward? You are your own mistress to-day. Your aunt, whose influence over you was so strong, has long been dead. Your guardians have no authority over you. Claribel, I ask you now, standing on this spot, where years ago you left me to fall in a passion of despair upon the heather at your feet, I ask you, now that you are free, will you be true to the vows of your youth?"

She was silent for a few moments. She had been crying throughout this interview, but she dried her tears, as she said, in a low voice—

"Yes, Arthur, if it will make you happy."

She uttered these words as if through her fear of him, rather than from any impulse of her own. He threw his arm round her, and, drawing her towards him, kissed her upon the forehead, and then led her silently down the hill to the carriage.

"Mamma! mamma!" cried the boy's shrill voice, as they approached the phæton; "I thought you were never coming. I am so hungry, and it's nearly dark, and Brooks is tired of telling me stories."

"Because you've had 'em all twice over, Sir Rupert," said the groom, touching his hat.

"So Brooks tells you stories, Sir Rupert," said the Captain, laughing. "Jack, the Giant Killer, I suppose, and Tom Thumb. I daresay I shall find some stories to tell you, stories about India."

"I like you very much, and I should like you to be my new papa. Brooks says—"

"Jump in, Sir Rupert. It's nearly eight o'clock, and mamma is going to drive me home."

The light phæton dashed along the hilly road, and after half an hour's drive entered the rustic gates of Lislewood Park, one of the most extensive and prettiest gentleman's seats in the county of Sussex.

The little baronet was delighted with his new acquaintance, and kept him employed till nine o'clock in telling and inventing fairy stories for his amusement; but at that hour a grave nurse appeared at the drawing-room door, and with considerable difficulty persuaded Sir Rupert to retire with her to his own apartments.

"You spoil your son, Claribel," said the Captain, when the boy was gone.

"How could I help it? He is all I have had to love."

"He is a pretty boy, but he does not look strong."

"No; he is not strong. That is partly why I let him have his own way a great deal. The physicians tell me he must not be opposed. He is such a nervous child."

"Is he clever?" asked Captain Walsingham.

"Why, no; I scarcely think he is exactly clever," said Lady Lisle, with considerable hesitation "he is backward with his studies. Mr. Maysome, the curate, comes over every morning from the village, and teaches him for a couple of hours, but I fear he finds him rather dull."

"Does he complain of him?"

"He does sometimes," said Lady Lisle, thoughtfully.

"Never mind, Claribel; he will be a rich man, and he has no need to be clever. It is we, poor fellows, who have the battle of life to fight, who want all the brains."

The Captain said this with a bitter laugh, and rising from his seat, strode over to the fire-place, and leaning his arm on the low marble chimney piece, looked down into the blaze at his feet.

The fire light glancing fitfully upon his dark face, revealed the gloomy shadows in his large brown eyes, and the rigid lines about his handsome mouth, shrouded by a thick black moustache, which he stroked restlessly with his powerful hand, as he stood brooding above the blaze. Lady Lisle, seated on the other side of the hearth, close to a small table with a low, green-shaded lamp, looked up at him with wondering blue eyes.

"You are changed, Captain Walsingham," she said, after a pause.

He did not answer her immediately, but shrugged his shoulders, and stood pushing the polished handle of the poker backwards and forwards upon the bronze rail of the fender with the toe of his boot. Presently he said—

"You think so? Changed! Changed, after eight years of the life men lead out in India! Eight years' pale ale and brandy drinking; eight years' billiards, blind hookey and *ecarte*, hazard and unlimited loo, cricketing, racing, pig-sticking, tiger hunting, quarrelling, flirting, fighting, borrowing, spending—bah! Lady Lisle, I had better not finish the catalogue, you might object to some of the items."

"Arthur," said Claribel Lisle, twisting her long, flaxen curls absently round and round her white fingers, "do you know that you have become quite a bear?"

"A bear!" He laughed a short, mocking laugh. "And that is all the change you can find in me after these eight years of separation? My manners are not quite so polished; I speak in a rough, deep voice; I say impertinent things, and laugh aloud in people's faces; I am impatient, and not good tempered; or, that is to say, I do not even pretend to be good tempered, as well-bred people should; I dine in a frock coat and a colored waistcoat; and call upon a lady who jilted me eight years ago, and whom I have not seen since that period, at six o'clock in the afternoon. Not finding her at home, I follow her in her afternoon ramble, intrude upon her in her lonely walk, and ask her to marry me before her year of widowhood even has expired. In short, Lady Lisle, to use your own forcible expression, I have become a bear."

As he finished speaking, he looked up at the reflection of his face in the glass over the chimney-piece, and running one hand through his thick black hair, pushed it in a rough mass away from his forehead, and contemplated himself for some moments with a thoughtful smile. Lady Lisle watched him with a puzzled expression, but did not speak. His influence over her was evidently very great, and there was always something of fear in her manner towards him—a fear which seemed to arise from a consciousness of his strength and of her own weakness, but which was, at the same time, mingled with a knowledge of her immense power over him—a power she was not slow to exercise in puerile acts of feminine presumption.

"Lady Lisle, you think me changed from what I was in September, eight years ago? What if I say that I am not the same man I was then?"

"Arthur!"

"Look at my face in the glass; come here, Claribel; stand by my side, and look at it with me. No very great changes there, are there? Two or three scarcely perceptible wrinkles under the eyes, a few hard lines about the mouth, and the bronze of an Indian sun. Good heavens! how little the face reflects the heart! and what a scattered, battered, weather-beaten, branded visage this would be if it bore the outward traces of every inward storm! Yet see what a handsome, useful mask it may be made, and how the great enigma—man—can hide behind it!"

"Arthur, I hate to hear you talk like this."

"Yes, it is bearish, is it not? I ought to be sitting at your feet, telling you the pretty rosewater story of my eight years of Indian life. How, for your sake, I never tasted bitter ale; how, for love of you, I held aloof from the dice-box and the card-table, and fled from the society of women, to brood over the memory of your beautiful face. This would be the right thing, would it not? Claribel Lisle, I tell you none of this. I am a bear, as you say, and I will tell you the truth. Listen to me, then. I hate you as much as I love you. My heart is rent asunder by these two passions, and I scarcely know which of the two has brought me from India, and to your feet to-night. It was a murder which you committed by your treachery of eight years ago; and it is the ghost of the Arthur Walsingham whom you then killed that stands by your side at this moment. For your sake, and through your treachery, I have been a gamester, a drunkard, and a *roue*. The memory of you, pursuing me in every hour of my life, has driven me to the brandy bottle, the hazard-table, and the smiles of heartless women, for relief from its cruel torture. This is what I must tell you, Lady Lisle, if I speak at all."

"Arthur, it breaks my heart to hear you talk like this," she said, as he turned away from her, and buried his face upon his folded arms. "Arthur, I have promised to do all in my power to atone for the past. I have promised, have I not?" she repeated, trying to lift his head with her two weak hands.

"Yes, yes; you are very good, Claribel, and you have promised to be mine—mine at last. Oh, my darling, my tyrant, my beloved and cruel Claribel, pray that the bitter past may be blotted away for ever, and that no dire effects from that dark page may ever fall upon this gentle head." He drew her fair curls upon his shoulder, and looked down at her with a tender, pitying, but gloomy glance. "Claribel, you have promised to marry me. Do you repent of that rash vow? Was it terror that prompted your compliance with my prayer? Remember, remember, beloved, it is not too late. One word, and to-night I leave this place; in two days I shall have sailed for India. One word, Claribel, and you are free from me for ever."

She lifted her tearful eyes to his, and laying her little hand in his wide palm, said, in a low voice, broken by sobs—

"I never, never loved any one but you. I was very wicked when I jilted you, and married Sir Reginald Lisle, but I was too great a coward to resist the authority of my friends. Many and many a night during my husband's lifetime I have sat opposite to him by this

RECEPTION OF PRISONERS AT FORT LAFAYETTE.

The above cut from an engraving in Frank Leslie, will give our readers an idea of the honorable and "highly distinguished" manner in which supposed traitors are received at the new government hotel and watering place, in New York harbor. The prisoners, being only suspected on the best grounds—generally their own intercepted letters—but not legally convicted, are not immured in cells, and put on prison fare, but treated well, though kept safely. The public opinion at Fort Lafayette, notwithstanding this kind treatment, is said to be decidedly against the government—though many of the prisoners declare themselves to be Union men. Fort Lafayette, it is said, is getting quite full, and a new hotel will have to be provided.

very hearth, looking into the blazing fire, and thinking of you far away in India; thinking of you, till this room and my husband's face have faded away from me, and I have seen you wounded in battle, or asleep in some gloomy forest, lonely, deserted, ill, dying. But, thank Heaven! thank Heaven! you are safe, you have returned to me, you love me still."

"Still, and forever. I tell you it is my madness, Claribel Lisle. You will marry me, then, whether it be for good or ill?"

"Whether it be for good or ill. Yes."

She trembled as she looked up at his sombre face, and repeated the words after him, falteringly and slowly, like a little child.

CHAPTER II.

RETROSPECTIVE.

The worthy parishioners of Lislewood, in the county of Sussex, could well remember how, eight years before, a certain Captain Walsingham, of the East India Company's recruiting service, had come to the village on a visit to Sir Reginald Lisle. They remembered his handsome, dark face, dashing manner, military walk, the jingle of his spurs, as he strode over the rough paving of the long village street; the crack of his light riding whip, swinging in his careless hand; the gloss of his fierce black moustache—he was in a cavalry regiment—his friendly smile for the little children, as they gathered about him, to stare at and admire the great officer; his hearty voice, when he stopped before the Golden Lion, to watch the London coach come in, or when he loitered at the blacksmith and veterinary surgeon's, to ask a question about what it was that ailed that off pastern joint of his hunter, Dragoon. A gallant and a noble gentleman! Handsome of face, generous of heart, and free of speech, thought the inhabitants of Lislewood. They remembered, too, how he had fallen madly, desperately, recklessly, obstinately, and stupidly in love with Miss Claribel Merton, the orphan heiress of a rich East India merchant, resident at Lislewood, under the guardianship of her aunt, the maiden sister of a late rector of the parish. They remembered this love affair, because Captain Arthur Walsingham, being by no means the most discreet of persons, had made at least twenty confidants, and had threatened, a great many times, either to shoot or drown himself. Indeed, Martin, his valet—an excellent creature, who adored his master, and smoked all his best cigars—had told the barmaid at the Golden Lion, that he had hidden the captain's pistols, and only regretted that he couldn't hide the river. Captain Walsingham, I say, had been noisy, and wrong headed, and foolish, in his love for the fair-faced heiress, with the pale flaxen hair, and girlish, languid manners. He had sworn, and threatened, and protested; he had been accused of courting her for her fortune, and he had prayed to be allowed to take her without a penny, and to endow an hospital with old Merton's thousands. All Lislewood had looked on, and sympathized, and wept over this little love story. Every stolen meeting on the broad downs, or the great and bare hills that edged in the little village, was known and commented on. Every night that he spent pacing up and down before the little garden of her aunt's house, to watch the feeble glimmer of the night light upon the blind in *her* window; every letter smuggled in by the maid servant; the spade guinea, which the captain had begged the blacksmith to break in half for him, and the fragments of which had been divided between the lovers; the terrific scenes between the suitor and the young lady's protectress—all these things were openly discussed at Lislewood tea parties; discussed by young ladies, who thought the handsome captain a great deal too good for "that insipid thing," as they rather disrespectfully designated Miss Merton; by elderly spinsters, who were positive it was only her money he was after; by young men—in love themselves—who honored and believed in the desperate Indian soldier; by gray headed bachelors, who called him a fool for his noisy, blustering passion; by everybody and anybody. Arthur Walsingham's courtship was canvassed, and his merits decided upon.

I think the only person who was really quiescent in the affair was the young heroine of this sentimental drama. Claribel Merton made no confessions, and elected no confidants. You never heard of her having made a scene, or of her having fainted at the feet of her inexorable guardian, or of her having been discovered in an attempt at answering one of her suitor's desperate epistles. There had been meetings, it is true, upon the lonely hills; but these were supposed, on her side, to be accidental. He had watched the house, and followed her when she went out alone. In short, she was very rarely heard of in the matter. Fair and pale, with long flaxen ringlets, smooth and shining, making an aureole of yellow gold round her graceful, drooping head, she met the gaze of Lislewood, every Sunday morning, in the village church, and none could ever see her change, by so much as a shade, from red to pale, or pale to red, under the burning gaze of Arthur Walsingham, gnawing the binding of his prayer-book absently, in the free seats. He might keep his seat throughout the Psalms, sitting with his elbows on the rail before him, and, his chin in his hands, staring fiercely at her, haggard and unshaven, hollow-eyed and ghastly, in the morning sunshine; he might rush out in the middle of the rector's sermon, clattering his boots and jingling his spurs over the pavement of the holy edifice; he might disturb every other member of the congregation; he might so distract the minds of the charity children, as to cause those young persons to describe themselves as "miserable *Walsinghams*," in the response of the Litany; but do what he might, he could not discompose Claribel Merton. When the sermon was finished, and the blessing given, and when the organist had played out one of the three voluntaries in his *repertoire*, and when the congregation slowly dispersed, Miss Merton would walk down the narrow churchyard pathway, past the Captain, lying upon a tombstone, looking despairingly upwards to her parasol. If her silk dress touched him, as she went by, he would tremble in every limb; but neither surprise or agitation, distress or annoyance, love or pity, was ever to be seen in her calm blue eyes.

"You all think me a fool, because I am going mad for a wax doll?" he cried out one night, at Lislewood Park, when he had been drinking more than usual, and the baronet and his other companions had rallied him upon his silly passion. "I know, as well as you, what a foolish schoolboy's fever it is: but that makes it no better for me, if I die of it?"

But if Miss Claribel Merton had, as her enemies declared, many attributes in common with a pretty, pink and white, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, waxen image, fashioned by the toy-maker, she was not the less an heiress, and a beautiful woman; and whether it was because of this, or whether it was the noise and excitement caused by the Captain's furious courtship, I cannot tell; but, six weeks after the arrival of the Indian officer at Lislewood Park, she became the fashion. She became the fashion! If she had been as ugly as sin, she might have married the handsomest man in the parish. If she had been as poor as Job, she might have married the richest. She might have been hopelessly stupid, or incredibly ignorant; she might have been a vixen; she might have had red hair, or even a hump, and, being the fashion, she would have been courted, followed, flattered, caressed, admired, sued, and sought after, as she was. She had, all of a sudden, been stamped with that wonderful hall mark, and people who didn't care an atom for her, were dying to marry her. It was not she whom they wanted, but her notoriety. They wanted to hook themselves on to her reputation, and share in the din and the clatter. She was as fashionable in the village of Lislewood as a man who has written a novel about the working classes, or been tried for murder, is in London. She was the rage, and, eight weeks after the Captain's arrival, Sir Reginald Lislewood—who never, throughout his short existence, had desired to have anything, except for the pleasure of taking it away from somebody else—proposed for her hand, and, after a brief delay, was, at the instigation of her aunt, duly accepted.

Then it was that there was such a terrible scene upon the summit of the hill known as Beecher's Ride; then it was that, on the Captain's not coming home to the Park to dinner, Martin, his man, had been dispatched to seek him, and, going instinctively to the hill, had found his master lying, in a sort of torpor, upon the wet grass, under the darkness. Then it was that the soldier had wanted to fight his host, Sir Reginald, and that there had been such frightful tumults between the rejected and the accepted suitors; tumults only resulting, however, in the departure of the Captain, shaking the dust from his boots at the hall door of his rival's mansion; wishing his foe happiness with his heartless bride, and galloping madly down the village street, and thence away to the India House, praying to be sent out somewhere, where the enemies of his country would be pitiful enough to shoot him.

People in Lislewood wondered whether, after all this had happened, Claribel Merton was sorry for having consented to the rejection of this madheaded lover. As usual, they could discover nothing from her face. It was, at all times, a face which revealed no secrets. Perfect in feature, most delicate in coloring, but inscrutable, enigmatic, almost expressionless. She married Sir Reginald Lisle, without loving him, as passively as she had taken her music lessons, without having an ear for melody, and her drawing lessons without being blest with an eye for form. Whatever other people bade her do, she did. She would have married the Captain at his command, being utterly incapable to resist the influence of a stronger mind than her own, had she not been restrained by the counter influence of her aunt, which, from the force of long habit, was more powerful still. She was entirely at the mercy of those who controlled, or counselled her. She saw with their eyes, thought with their thoughts, and spoke with their words. The Captain might be as true as the light in his love and his honesty, and if they chose to call him false, she too would doubt him. She would say a hundred cruel words to him in her low, soft voice, which were mere repetitions of the phrases of her aunt. Rudderless, anchorless, driven about by every wind, she consented, after two or three days of persecution and nights of weeping, to reject the Captain, and to marry the baronet; and before the transport, which carried the soldier and the troops under his charge, had touched at Malta, on her way out to the East, the village children were strewing flowers in the pathway of Sir Reginald and Lady Lisle.

Eight years had passed since the bright October morning upon which Claribel Merton gave her hand to the young baronet.—Eight years, and Sir Reginald Malvin Bernard Lisle had taken part in another solemn ceremonial, in the same village church. This time a very quiet part, for the mortal remains of the young man had lain in the cloth-covered coffin, with its silver armorial bearings, and costly scroll work, under the voluminous velvet of the heavy pall, borne by the best gentlemen of Lislewood. There was a very new marble and porphyry tablet, under the worm-eaten statues of Marmaduke Lisle, Knight, and esteemed servant of her gracious majesty Elizabeth, and Martha, his wife, kneeling face to face, with a marble cushion between them; a new tablet, setting forth how Reginald Malvin Bernard, son of the above Oscar, last baronet, was buried in the vault below the chancel, where slept the ashes of his noble forefathers. Sir Reginald had died of a lingering decline, which had been fatally prevalent in the house of Lisle; for three generations, the heads of the family had died before they had attained their thirtieth year, leaving only sons to inherit the title and property; so that in the event of Sir Reginald's having died childless, a very distant relation, an elderly man, an amateur in music and painting, resident at Naples, would have succeeded to the baronetcy. But Sir Reginald, as his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather had done before him, left an only son; a pale-faced, delicate boy of six years of age, resembling his mother both in person and disposition; like her, quiet and unimpulsive; like her, unblest with brilliant talents, or energy of character.

Sir Reginald and Lady Lisle had not been an unhappy couple. He was fond of field sports, horses and dogs, gunnery, the turf, all those amusements so dear to country gentlemen who have plenty of money and very little to do. He had a farm, and tried improvements and new systems in farming, which cost him a great deal, and never came to any good, but they amused him; and he would drag his delicate young wife through ploughed fields, and damp meadow lands, in rain or sunshine, to see his agricultural experiments. Sometimes he kept race horses, and all Lislewood would by noisy with the clatter of trainers and stable boys; but he would grow tired of this, as of everything else, and some fine morning "All that *valuable racing stock, the property of Sir Reginald Lisle, including Claribel, the winner of the Lislewood Park Stakes, &c., &c.,*" would be advertised for sale in the columns of *Bell's Life*. Everything wearied him in time; every amusement ceased to amuse him, every occupation failed to occupy him; and it almost seemed as if he fell into a decline at last, because he could think of nothing else to do. Claribel was gentle and tractable, if not affectionate; she went with him if he chose to go abroad; she would drink nauseous waters at German Spas, if he asked her to drink them; she would saunter with him through Italian and Flemish picture galleries, neither of them knowing a Titian from a Teniers, or a Salvator Rosa from a Rubens. If he had asked her to ascend Mont Blanc, she would have toiled bravely to the summit, though she had died there. It was scarcely a virtue, this tacit obedience, this smiling assent; it was rather the constitutional indolence of a lymphatic temperament. Anything was less trouble to her than resistance. She would listen to him when he talked, however uninteresting the subject might be to her; she would read aloud to him, on summer's evenings, the descriptions of pugilistic encounters in *Bell's Life*, though she did not understand a word of its jargon; she would sit in her pony-phaeton through a meeting at some county race-course, though she did not know the winner when she saw him, and scarcely remembered the names of her husband's horses without referring to her card; when he fell ill, she nursed him tenderly and patiently; if he was fretful, she bore with him; if he was low spirited, she did her best to comfort him; and when he died, she was sorry after her own quiet fashion. She hurried away from Lislewood directly after the funeral, and hid herself in some quiet watering place on the Sussex coast, with her little son and her lady's maid. She was frightened at the great, luxurious house, with its splendid rooms, into which death had so lately entered. She shuddered at the gloomy avenues in the thickly-wooded park, for she almost expected to meet her husband's ghost in their sombre shade. Her aunt had died soon after her marriage; she had no relations, and very few friends; scarcely, perhaps, one human being worthy the name of a friend, for her reserved nature shut her out from much sympathy. She was, however, passionately fond of her son, and to him she devoted herself entirely. Did she think of the handsome soldier, now that she was free? She may have done so sometimes, and it might have been part of her grief, in her loneliness, to think how she had wounded and tortured that gallant heart eight years before. She did not know whether he was alive or dead, and she had no means of ascertaining. Sir Reginald had never breathed the name of his some-time friend after the quarrel which had separated the two men. She dared not think of him. It seemed wicked, heartless, unwomanly, while the tablet was yet new in Lislewood Church, and the coffin plate scarcely tarnished in the vault below the chancel. She went abroad with her son and her maid; she showed the boy the long, dim cathedrals in which she had walked with his dead father; she took him to Antwerp, Cologne, Brussels, Munich, and, after six months' journeying from place to place, she returned to Lislewood; and, the day after her arrival, met Arthur Walsingham upon the very spot where she had parted from him eight years before.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SUBSTITUTION OF COFFEE FOR SPIRITS IN THE ARMY.—Like the French in Africa and the British in India, a light infusion of coffee supplies the place of brandy, which was formerly given. They drink it twice a day, morning and evening. This beverage possesses all the tonic properties of alcoholic liquors without any of their inconveniences. In Africa coffee has entirely superseded the use of brandy.

The French soldiers fill up their canteens with it, and, when they are too much pressed by the Arabs to attend to their cooking, they use it instead of soup, by dipping biscuit into it. At first the coffee distributed by the commissariat was in powder; but the soldiers having observed that in that state it gradually lost all its flavor, it was afterwards distributed in grain and roasted, in consequence of which each man was provided with a little coffee mill to perfect the operation.

But this machine being so often out of order, the French soldiers threw it aside, and they now grind their coffee in a mortar, with a cannon ball for a pestle.

☞ The monument to Napoleon I., at St. Denis, which has just been finished and received his remains, has been five years in the building, and cost 3,000,000 francs or $1,000,000.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT'R 21, 1861

TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$2, if not paid in advance. ☞ The first year's subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy, and the Splendid Steel Plate Engraving, "A Merry-Making in the Olden Time,"	$5,00
One Copy of THE POST, and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,	3,00
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We will send one copy of THE POST, for one year and give a copy of The Gazetteer, or Six Dollars.

Or, on the receipt of five new subscribers, and Ten Dollars, We will give The Gazetteer as a Premium.

Or, on the receipt of ten new subscribers and Fifteen Dollars—$1.50 apiece—We will give The Gazetteer as a Premium.

Or, on the receipt of *sixteen* new subscribers and *twenty* dollars—$1.25 apiece—We will give The Gazetteer as a Premium.

The price of this work in the stores is $6.00. Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as We have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent for a Club, may add new names at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them.

Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

A NEW STORY.

We commence a new story in our present number, which, we think, will be read with great interest by our readers, and furnishes a good starting point for new subscribers. THE POST is a paper especially adapted to the times, as it is low in price, and while it contains stories, &c., also contains a full summary of the weekly news, at present so interesting. If our friends through the country, who feel interested in THE POST, would aid in increasing its circulation the coming Fall and Winter, they would lay us under a heavy obligation, and perhaps do a little good to the community besides.

UNSOLICITED ADVICE.

The *London Times*, which has been recently distinguishing itself by its efforts to prevent the United States from getting any money abroad, is now proffering in place of the pounds sterling, any reasonable or unreasonable quantity of that very cheap commodity, advice. Having refused us a loan, so far as it has the power to do so, before it was asked for, it now proffers its advice with a similar alacrity; not being aware perhaps that it becomes the man who buttons up his pocket, also to button up his lips.

The *Times*, as the telegraphic summary informs us, advises the contending parties in this country to compromise—forgetful apparently that they have already compromised, and that the compromise has been broken. What was the Constitution of the United States but a compromise? Under that compromise the men who are at the head of the present infamous rebellion, have been in office the greater part of their lives. The terms of that great and oath-sanctioned compromise were that a majority, constituted in a certain prescribed manner, should rule. So long as these rebel leaders could succeed in controlling that majority they were satisfied—but when they found the helm of state passing from their grasp, they refused any longer to adhere to the well understood terms and obligations of their agreement, and determined to ruin the government which they had solemnly sworn to uphold.

For full two-thirds of the period since the adoption of that great compact, the Constitution, Southern Presidents have been in power, and for nearly the whole of the time a Southern policy has ruled the country. The Tariff, as our English friends probably are not aware, was originally a Southern measure—the Bank of the United States was the same—the Embargo (so fatal to the great Northern commercial interests) was the same—the second war with England, the annexation of Texas, and the war with Mexico, were the same. In one word, the policy of the government from its formation, almost without an exception, has been dictated by that class of men of whom the secession leaders are the present representatives. The Democratic party has ruled the Union, and the brains of that party were always in the South.

The leading feature of the federal compact was that the Majority, in national matters, should rule. Under this feature, as we have said, the rebel chiefs have been in power almost all their lives.—But the time comes when the majority inclines in another direction. And, the moment they perceive that they are no longer to have the chief say in the councils of the nation, they endeavor to avoid a performance of the contract, by breaking it to pieces.

What security have we then for the faithful performance of any other contract, any other compromise, any other constitution?

We should think that sensible men, even if they were foreigners, might learn sufficient of American affairs not to talk quite so ignorantly as they do about them. But in truth we almost despair of ever hearing much that is sensible on American politics from the other side of the Atlantic. Men who will not even study our country sufficiently to know that Pennsylvania is a free state, and that Cairo is not "in the centre of several slave states," and that there are no "gold mines in Pittsburg," and that Fortress Monroe is not "in New York harbor,"—cannot be expected to touch our political affairs without manifesting, as a general thing, the grossest ignorance. Even our friends abroad make us blush continually by their ridiculous blunders—and as for such doubtful friends as the *London Times*, it cannot be wondered that we should grow indignant when they coolly proffer advice which manifests on its face an utter ignorance of the chiefest facts of the difficulty.

But as to this whole matter of compromising—to use a popular phrase, it has been "run into the ground;" and, we may add, should be allowed to rot there. From the year 1820 to this time, the history of the country has been almost a history of legislative compromises. Of late years they have thickened upon us—all made for eternity, by eminent, good-hearted, easy-conscienced statesmen, and born with just about enough strength in their legs to enable them to waddle feebly into their graves. What we have always believed, we may now be allowed to speak openly—that they were foolish attempts to bind together elements in their very natures irreconcilable. Ten years ago we said and believed this war would come—though, we confess, when at last it did come, we were surprised at the suddenness and severity of the tempest.

The *Times* advises us to compromise—to compromise—as if, under happier auspices, we had not been doing that for the last forty years! Were a compromise powerful enough to solve the difficulty, this war had never been. It is not for the want of argument that we are fighting, but because the argument is exhausted. Two great systems of society, essentially and eternally antagonistic, having tried in all peaceable and fraternal ways to get along together, and found the effort fruitless, now stand at bay, and appeal to the stern arbitrament of the sword. Grave statesmen and petty politicians may blink the question, and attempt to cover a great fact with polite fig-leaves, but such is the simple, naked truth. And what is more, every man of them, in his heart of hearts, knows it.

Compromise—skin over the sore place—come to a settlement, no matter what, so it is a settlement—patch up a truce, a false peace—and what would be gained by it? Simply that the whole thing would have to be gone over again, under less favorable circumstances, as far as we are concerned.

But the *Times* is satisfied that we cannot conquer. We of the North are not satisfied of it, however, by any manner of means, and that is the difference. For ourselves, after having given the matter probably a hundred times as much thought as the *Times* has bestowed upon it, we see no difficulty insurmountable to men of determined will. It is not a contest against eight millions of an united people. It is a contest against not more than two millions, in the midst of six other millions, at least four millions of whom are our decided friends, with two millions who will quietly yield to circumstances. We have the sea line, and we can hold it. We have the great monetary, commercial and manufacturing resources of the Union. And we shall triumph undoubtedly.

As for the war, it is a severe and trying thing, but by no means destitute of blessing. The canker of a false peace was eating the courage and nobleness out of our people, and the courage and honesty out of our politicians, editors, authors, and preachers. The war will infuse into our veins a more heroic, disinterested and incorruptible spirit. We can well afford to tolerate some of the vices of the soldier, if we can gain some of his virtues.

When the war can be pressed down into the Gulf states, into bearable pecuniary proportions, and its ultimate end is assured, it will make but little difference if it should take a few years to die out. Russia finds her advantage in continually keeping up hostilities in the Caucasus. Our present want of military knowledge, as it has been proved to us at a fearful cost, is a source of danger as well as of shame. France and England are building immense navies, and steam bridges the ocean. We cannot afford to remain as undisciplined to arms as the world now knows us to be.

Therefore, out of this great danger, we think we may gather no small crop of the virtues and securities that we greatly need. We think that in the orderings of Divine Justice, we shall pluck the bright flower of safety from the very brink of the present peril. We believe that we are passing through an inevitable stage of our national growth—a crisis from which we shall emerge purified, and ultimately stronger than ever. We only need to have faith in the ultimate triumph of what Algernon Sidney called the "good old cause," and—through defeat as through victory—persevere undauntedly to the end.

THE ARMY.

In raising the army up to the Congressional standard of 500,000—a number that probably will be needed—the loyal states will have to furnish, according to their population, the following quotas:—

	Population	Quota.
Maine	626,978	17,000
New Hampshire	326,072	9,000
Vermont	315,116	8,500
Massachusetts	1,231,065	33,200
Rhode Island	174,621	4,700
Connecticut	460,151	12,400
New York	3,887,543	105,000
New Jersey	672,031	18,100
Pennsylvania	2,906,370	78,400
Ohio	2,339,599	64,300
Indiana	1,350,479	36,500
Illinois	1,711,753	46,100
Michigan	748,119	20,200
Wisconsin	775,873	21,000
Iowa	674,948	18,200
Minnesota	169,022	4,400
Kansas	107,110	2,900
California	380,015	10,300
Oregon	52,464	1,400
	18,904,619	513,000

It will be observed that Kentucky, Maryland, Virginia, and Missouri, are omitted in the above list, though probably at least 80,000, and it may be 75,000 men, will be raised in those four states. The above apportionment therefore will be ample, even omitting the quotas of California and Oregon.

An army of 500,000 men, which is only one in about 38 persons, ought to be easily raised by the nineteen states in the above list. In fact, it will ultimately be found, both here and in the South, that it will be less difficult to get the troops than to support and pay them after they are got. In this respect, however, the government has a great advantage over the rebels.

Pennsylvania's portion of the half million will be 78,500 men. We judge now that there will be no difficulty in raising that number without a draft. Whether the large number Pennsylvania has contributed to the New York and New Jersey regiments, and to Col. Baker's California brigade, will be counted in her quota, we are unable to say. We judge that in some cases it will be, but, as a general thing, not.

Indiana says she will have 40,000 men in the field by the first of October, which, if so, would exceed her quota as above by 3,500—and is doing admirably.

Illinois, we infer, will also come fully up to, if she does not overleap the mark, and stand side by side with Indiana. And so, as a general thing, with the Northwest.

From the other states we have nothing that throws much light upon the subject. We judge, however, by certain indications, that volunteering is going steadily on in the whole of them; and that the government is getting men about as fast as it can clothe and arm them. It is rather early yet for effective operations southwards; but when the hour comes, we judge we shall see the men.

COMPLIMENTARY.

There is a great deal said about "the right *man* in the right place," but we also think it an excellent thing to say the right word at the right time. Now, our excellent and ably-edited contemporary, the "*Laws of Life*," published at Dansville, N. Y., seems to us to have said the right word at the right time, when it uttered the following:—

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This paper, which is published in Philadelphia by Deacon & Peterson, and edited by Mr. Henry Peterson, is one of the oldest family newspapers in the United States. Latterly its circulation has been somewhat interfered with by the starting up of new journals having the same general object in view, which is to furnish weekly staples of intelligence to its readers, and to present for the instruction of those members of families to whom it may come, such interesting tales and narrative as are instructive and entertaining; but, in our judgment, there are none of them that can at all compare in ability or good taste, in this latter department, with the *Evening Post*. Its stories are of a very superior order, and give evidence of ability much higher than that which any of its compeers exhibit. It gives us great pleasure to commend it to the public, assuring our readers that if they want a journal which, in all that pertains to general intelligence or interesting reading, is of the very highest class, they can find no paper equal to this old and long established hebdominal. Coming once a week, as it does, it revives by its spirited tales and instructive editorials, a general intelligence in every one who may have the benefit of perusing its columns. We certainly welcome it on our exchange list very warmly, and hope that it may continue to come to us regularly.

MORE OF FLOYD.

The *Richmond* (Va.) *Examiner* regrets that a scheme of Floyd's, when he was Secretary of War, did not result as well as his other thieving operations. The plan was to establish a large government clothing manufactory at Richmond, in order to have it ready to steal for secession purposes. The scheme failed, the *Examiner* says, from want of the requisite energy in the dry goods dealers of Richmond, and now they want clothing for their troops badly. Floyd, at that time, be it remembered, was acting under his oath as Secretary of War. And yet a certain set of mercenary Englishmen ask us why we do not come to terms with men who plotted these and similar doings! who sought office under the government, and took the oath of faithful service to the government, merely that they more surely might stab it to the heart!

THE BANNER STATE.

It is said that the Secretary of War recently informed a delegation who visited him on business relative to the defence of Philadelphia, that "notwithstanding the great zeal of New York, Pennsylvania has now more troops in the field than she has."

If Pennsylvania is ahead of New York in the number of her troops, she must stand at the head of the list. She was therefore First in the Uprising of the People, First to go to the Rescue of the Capital, and is now First in the number of her Volunteers. Is she not then the Banner State?

WHAT SEVERITY IS.

The following is the proclamation issued by Jefferson Davis, on the 14th of August last:—

I do hereby warn and require every male citizen of the United States, of the age of *fourteen years and upwards*, now within the Confederate States, and adhering to the government of the United States, and not being a citizen of the Confederate States, to leave within forty days of the date of this proclamation. And I do warn all persons above-described who shall remain within the Confederate States, after the expiration of said period of forty days, that they will be treated as allen enemies.

Commenting on the above, which is in fact a decree of banishment against all the Union males of the South, over fourteen years of age, the *New Orleans Delta* says:—

"We cannot afford to tolerate enemies in our midst, because, forsooth, they may have the discretion to keep silent, and to bear no arms in their hands. The man of Massachusetts, or the man of Kentucky, living, and perhaps thriving on our midst, has no business at this time to be amongst us, if he allows a reasonable suspicion to exist that he is not cordially with us."

Those who complain of the recent measures of the administration at Washington, may see by the above how mild and tame is the action of the United States government as compared with that of the rebel authorities. We do not interfere with boys of "fourteen years of age and upwards," neither do we banish all males whose loyalty is doubtful, under the penalty, if they stay, of being "treated as alien enemies." If the citizens of Mississippi or of Louisiana residing in our midst, who are secessionists at heart, or even our own citizens who sympathize with the rebels, have the discretion to keep quiet, and not to give aid and comfort to those in arms against the government, they are more secure here than they would be anywhere south of Mason and Dixon's line. Not one press in the North exclaims in the tone of the *New Orleans Delta*, that such should not be "tolerated"—but that they should be driven out "if they allow a reasonable suspicion to exist that they are not cordially with us."

AN OFFICIAL REQUEST.

We commend the following request of Gen. Hale, the Quartermaster of this State, to our Pennsylvania readers:—

HARRISBURG, Sept. 10, 1861.

Pennsylvania needs blankets and stockings for her 30,000 brave soldiers in arms to support the Government.

Every factory capable of making blankets, even to a single loom, should at once be put in operation. Liberal contracts will be given to all such.

Blankets should be wool gray, 7 feet long by 5 feet 6 inches wide, and weigh full 5 pounds, with the letters P. V. in black, 4 inches long, in the centre of each blanket.

Stockings will be needed the coming winter—half-hose or socks, good sizes, one-fourth pound each. Let every mother, wife, and sister knit one or more pairs.

Let associations be formed in each county, with a treasurer at the county seat, with whom the stockings can be deposited and forwarded to the military store at Harrisburg. The United States contract price, 35 cents per pair, will be paid to each county treasurer, and thus a fund can be raised to supply the wants of volunteer families, to which every patriotic woman in the State can contribute her share. R. C. HALE,
Quartermaster-General, P. M.

The ladies of other States also should put their knitting needles in motion, for the benefit of their volunteers in the army. Stockings will be greatly needed, and the home-made ones are far the best.

THE BANNER OF FREMONT.

A SONG FOR THE WESTERN VOLUNTEERS.

Oh, bid me not to stay, sweet wife,
Sweet sister bid me go,
I hear the angry roar of strife
In dark Missouri's flow;
The trumpet calls on every side
To rally to the front,
And follow o'er the prairies wide
The banner of Fremont.

Fremont he is no parlor chief,
His name it streams afar,
A sunbeam in the path of peace,
A thunderbolt in war
Who means to fill a soldier's grave,
Or drink at glory's font,
Must bear down Mississippi's wave
The banner of Fremont.

Oh, vain are traitors' fiery threats,
And vain is traitors' wrath,
Fremont is named the Pathfinder,
He'll find or make a path.
Southward we'll break through walls of fire,
Our bravest in the front,
And rear on every southern spire
The banner of Fremont.

And when our glorious path is trod,
And not a foe upreres
Their standard false to man and God,
And dripping blood and tears,
We'll follow homeward from the wars,
Baptized in crimson font,
That banner of the Stripes and Stars,
The banner of Fremont. H. P.

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

A very pretty plot, it seems, has been recently organized in Maryland, by which the State was to be voted by the present Legislature (which does not represent the people) a member of the Southern Confederacy, and a grand rising arranged in conjunction with an attack of the rebels on the line of the Potomac and on Washington. As one of the means to nip this beautiful flower of treason in the bud, the whole ten members of the Legislature from Baltimore, with the Mayor of that city, the editor of The South, and other prominent secessionists, have been arrested. This vigorous measure will probably have an effect to dampen the efforts of those who are striving underhandedly to inaugurate in Maryland the sad condition of affairs which now prevails in Virginia and Missouri. These "architects of ruin" should be kept where they cannot injure others or themselves until the present difficulties are over.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

A subscriber in Covington, Tioga county, Pa., says that fresh butter is selling at that place for *ten* cents a pound, eggs *nine* cents a dozen, cheese *eight* cents a pound, wheat one dollar a bushel, and other things in proportion. In this city we pay from twenty-five to thirty-three for butter, eighteen for eggs, and so on. If those who are not in business, and whose means have been reduced by the change of times, would move out into the country, they could live a good deal cheaper. But citizens are generally afraid of dying of ennui in the country. They want to be where they can hear the carts rumbling, talk out of the windows with their neighbors, and get their daily papers by seven o'clock in the morning. While they admit that, as the poet says, "God made the country, and man made the town," they think the latter is quite good enough for them. Nearly all schemes to get the surplus laboring population of the towns in hard times, into the country, fail in a great degree, because so many would rather half starve in a great city than get enough to eat anywhere else. This is especially true of the girls and women.—There seems to be a fascination in a crowd.

CURIOUS REPORT.

A correspondent of the *Charleston Mercury* professes to give a recent proclamation of the Captain General of Cuba, in which that official says:—

"In virtue of the proclamation of Her Majesty, the Queen, I have determined, under date of Aug. 7, that all vessels occupied in legitimate commerce proceeding from ports in the Confederate States, shall be entered and cleared under the Confederate flag, and shall be duly protected by the authorities of the Island. Foreign Consuls will be notified that no interference on their part will be tolerated."

This is very curious, if true, but we doubt its genuineness very much, for it amounts to a quasi recognition of the so-called Confederacy. By another week we shall have more reliable advices than those which come by the way of Charleston, Richmond and New Orleans.

OLD IRONSIDES.—The *Bermuda Royal Gazette* gives currency to a foolish report that Commodore Charles Stewart, of this city, has turned traitor to his flag. "Old Ironsides" is not made of that kind of stuff. Some traitor, however—not finding anything else to steal, may have stolen the Commodore's name.

AT HIS OLD GAME.—By the recent news we perceive that Ex-Secretary Floyd is still at his old game—stealing away from Rosecrans in Western Virginia.

FERRETS.—A subscriber in Minnesota wishes to know where ferrets can be procured, and what they will cost.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CHEMICAL HISTORY OF A CANDLE. A Course of Six Lectures. To which is added a Lecture on Platinum, by MICHAEL FARADAY. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

LATIN ACCIDENCE AND PRIMARY LESSON BOOK. By G. W. COLLORD, A. M. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

LEARNING TO SPELL, READ, WRITE, AND COMPOSE, ALL AT THE SAME TIME. By J. A. JACOBS, A. M. Part 1. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by S. Hazard, Jr., Philadelphia.

FIRST LESSONS IN GREEK. By J. MORRIS WHITON. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and for sale by S. Hazard, Jr., Philadelphia.

THE AMERICAN FLAG. Drake's fine song, illustrated by Darley. For sale by T. B. Pugh, corner of Sixth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT MT. KISCO, N. Y., by JOHN JAY, Esq. Published by J. G. Gregory, New York.

PERIODICALS. London Quarterly Review; North British Review; Edinburgh Review; and Blackwood's Magazine, are for sale by W. B. Zieber, & Co., Philadelphia.

MUSIC. THE BANNER OF THE SEA, by D. Brainard Williamson—Music by G. W. Hewitt—is published by Lee & Walker, 722 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

☞ There can be no doubt of the fact that Charleston and Savannah, and Mobile and New Orleans, may be more easily taken now than Manassas or Richmond.

☞ Thackeray, when speaking of the comparative merits of American and English hotels, winds up with the confession, "America is the poor man's Paradise, England the rich man's Eden."

☞ Minds, like growing fruit, should mellow as time advances; but more frequently, estranged from what is proper to them, like fruits prematurely plucked, they only rot into a semblance of ripeness.

☞ A woman in love is a very poor judge of character. She can see nothing but excellence where others see nothing but shallowness and rottenness. Ditto on the other side with a man in love—only more so!

☞ Miss Knight, speaking of Lord Nelson, in her autobiography, says: "I remember that shortly after the battle of the Nile, when my mother said to him that no doubt he considered the day of that victory the happiest in his life, he answered: 'No; the happiest was that on which I married Lady Nelson.'"

☞ A ragged little urchin came to a lady's door, asking for old clothes. She brought him a vest and a pair of trowsers, which she thought would be a comfortable fit. The young scapegrace took the garments and examined each, then, with a disconsolate look, said: "There ain't no watch-pocket!"

☞ The New Orleans *Picayune* says the heavy growth of grass in some of the streets in that city "would pay the mower for his trouble."

LATEST NEWS.

LETTER OF THE PRESIDENT TO GEN. FREMONT—THE LATE PROCLAMATION MODIFIED—A STEP BACKWARD—KENTUCKY ORDERS THE TENNESSEE TROOPS OFF HER SOIL—AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON—DENIAL OF THE SPANISH MINISTER—AFFAIRS IN THE SOUTH, IN MISSOURI, IN WASHINGTON, &c.

The following letter from the President to General Fremont was transmitted on the 19th inst.:

To Major-General John C. Fremont—

SIR:—Yours of the 8th inst., in answer to mine of the 20th ult., has just been received.

Assuming that you, being upon the ground, could better judge of the necessities of your position, than I could at this distance, on seeing your proclamation of August 30th, I perceived no general objection to it. The particular clause, however, in relation to the confiscation of property and the liberation of slaves appeared to me to be objectionable in its non-conformity to the Act of Congress, passed the 6th of last August, upon the same subject, and hence I wrote to you expressing my wish that that clause should be modified accordingly.

Your answer, just received, expresses the preference, on your part, that I should make an open order for the modification, which I very cheerfully do. It is therefore ordered that the said clause of said proclamation be so modified, held and construed as to conform to and not to transcend the provisions on the same subject contained in the act of Congress, entitled "An act to confiscate the property used for insurrectionary purposes," approved August 6th, 1861, and that the same act be published at length with this order.

Your obedient servant, A. LINCOLN.

[COMMENT.—We regard the above as a moral, political, and military blunder. Moral, because it implies that property in slaves is more sacred than in other things. Political and Military, because it forbids the striking of the enemy in the part where he is the most vulnerable. We fear that the administration, even now, has no just conception of the magnitude of the work before it—that it does not perceive that it is a life and death struggle, in which we cannot afford to throw away any of our weapons. The President had better have taken away 20,000 men from Fremont than written that letter.—*Editor Saturday Evening Post.*]

ADMISSION OF THE REBEL FLAG INTO HAVANA.—Mr. Tassaro, the Spanish Minister, was called to assist the Secretary of State in that the report from Charleston that the Captain General of Cuba has issued a proclamation recognizing the Rebel flag, is untrue. What has happened is that vessels from any point in the United States in possession of the Rebels, coming into a port with irregular papers, are admitted *ex necessitate* without notice of their irregularity, just as they had been admitted in all other ports since the Rebels obtained possession of the Custom Houses in the insurgent states. It is needless to say that no such vessels can be abroad without escaping the blockading force. There is no recognition of a Rebel flag in the Spanish ports or any other ports.

SOUTHERN ITEMS.—Serious fears are entertained for the crops of the South. The rains of August are reported as the heaviest and most general ever known in the South, and have been very disastrous.

The Savannah Republican claims a fair rice crop, but admits that the continuous rains have damaged it somewhat.

The Baton Rouge Advocate says that the cotton fields in that vicinity are literally covered with the orny worm, and that the fate of the crop will be sealed in a few days, for the rains and the atmosphere are favorable to the worms.

The Richmond shoe merchants urge the discharge of all the shoemakers from the army, and their employment in the manufacture of shoes, composed principally of canvas.

The Richmond Examiner, of the 11th instant, states that 156 Yankee prisoners have been sent to Castle Pinckney, South Carolina. Among them were Col. Wilcox, Michigan First; Col. Corcoran, New York Sixty-ninth; Lt. Col. Neff, Second Kentucky, &c.

FROM WASHINGTON.—The National loan is succeeding beyond expectation. Several hundred subscription agents were appointed last week in nearly every loyal State, including Virginia and Kentucky. A considerable number had already accepted and sent in their bonds, and the others will probably all be at work this week. The subscriptions of the people have exceeded nine millions, and their patriotic co-operation will doubtless enable the banks to take the second instalment of fifty millions, and supply all the money needed for a vigorous but economical prosecution of the war.

A balloon reconnoissance develops the fact that the body of the enemy that had advanced on Saturday, fell back behind Munson's Hill; that there are also large camps of rebels at Centreville and Fairfax Court House, and that the main body of the army has fallen back to Manassas, and is now encamped there. It is probable that the enemy is making an effort to persuade our forces out of their entrenchments, fearing to attack us, but preferring to be attacked, and that they can fall back behind their batteries again.

Major Lemon, of the Thirty-second New York Regiment, commanding the picket post at Bailey's Cross Roads, reports to-day that negroes were seen performing picket duty for the rebels.

Several companies of Berdan's Sharpshooters have arrived. They will be distributed in detachments, among the brigades, for the special purpose of picking off the leading rebel officers in case of an engagement.

FROM KENTUCKY.—It has been discovered that the Rebels are fortifying the river bluffs at Columbus, below Cairo, also at Randolph, Tennessee, where a masked battery of three sixty four pounders has been discovered. Old scows and steamers are being sunk near Randolph.

Gen. Polk's army at Columbus, Kentucky, is reported to consist of thirteen regiments of infantry, six field batteries, one siege battery, and three battalions of cavalry. He has eight steamers and one gun boat, mounted with railroad iron, and armed with one sixty-four and one eighty-four pounder. Jeff. Thompson is reported to be opposite.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Sept. 14.—Governor Magoffin has issued the following proclamation:

"In obedience to the subjoined resolutions adopted by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, the governments of the Confederate States, the State of Tennessee, and all others concerned, are hereby informed that Kentucky expects the Confederate or Tennessee troops to be withdrawn from the soil unconditionally."

In the State Senate, Mr. Whittaker introduced a resolution authorizing the Military Board to seize the State arms wherever found, and to employ a sufficient police to protect the railroads.

IN the whisperings from Fortress Monroe are true, a dash will soon be made upon the South Carolina coast, and the landing of a heavy force of men attempted. There are several points upon the above coast where a vigorous blow could not fall of success, and those who are engaged in the expedition have, I am assured, every confidence in a brilliant triumph. New Orleans and Texas will probably next be cared for, and with every indication of a successful issue.

KEY WEST.—There is great scattering at Key West. The U. S. Commander, French, orders that "at the termination of sixty days all citizens of this island who have failed and refused to take the oath of allegiance to the United States will be removed from Key West. This will also apply to the families of those who have left the island to join the rebel forces."

FROM MISSOURI.—The Home Guard at Booneville repulsed the rebels on the 13th. In Northwest Missouri the rebels were gathering again. Gen. Price claims that he and Rains encountered the Kansas troops, under Lane and Montgomery, routed them and pursued them three miles. He says Lane has abandoned Fort Scott, retreating northward. Price threatens, if Kansas does not remain quiet, he "will cross the border, lay *waste her farms, and utterly destroy her towns and cities.*" It is probable that Price is moving on Lexington.

ENGLAND.—By the steamer Kangaroo we have further news. The Great Eastern sails with three regiments for Canada about the middle of September, and afterwards goes to New York. In England the Cotton market was buoyant; Breadstuffs firmer at an advance.

DREADFUL AFFAIR.—In Philadelphia, on Saturday night last, at the Continental theatre, a dreadful accident occurred:—The "Empire" was performing, and about 30 young girls were dressing for the ballet. As they are dressed as sylphs and fairies, the material of their dress was of the lightest and most inflammable character. One of the ladies, Miss Gale, jumped upon a chair, to either take down or hang up a dress upon the wall, and in doing so gave it a wave, which brought it into contact with the gas light. It instantly took fire, and she threw it down in affright upon the floor, and the blaze communicated to the dress of one of her sisters. The danger was imminent, and the sisters and Miss Abbie Carr ran for the purpose of extinguishing the fire. The flames thus communicated from one to the other; six died that night and the next day, and the rest were badly burned. The audience were greatly alarmed, but dispersed without confusion.

MORE MOVEMENTS OFF THE COAST OF NORTH CAROLINA.—LOUISVILLE, Sept. 13.—A special dispatch to the Charleston Mercury, from Newberg, on the 8th inst. says:—"A Yankee war vessel appeared off Beaufort last night. When the train left last night it was reported that four vessels were in the Sound, and others coming in. Only one, however is known to be here."

A number of detached companies have already left for Beaufort, and Gen. Gratian, with the 7th Regiment North Carolina troops, and Col. Campbell, will leave this morning for the same destination. Colonel Barnes's regiment is already at Beaufort.

Gen. Gratian thinks Fort Macon cannot be taken.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Sept. 9.—Four United States vessels had anchored off Fort Macon, at 7 o'clock on Saturday evening. Their object is not known.

CROPS IN THE NORTHWEST.—The Chicago Tribune says that advices received from all parts of Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois, concur in showing that the wheat crop this season "will not be nearly as good as was expected." We are told that along the line of the Galena and Chicago Railroad and its branches the crop only threshes out about ten bushels to the acre, while last year the yield was about thirty bushels. The same is partly true of the country along the lines of the Rock Island and Burlington Railroads, and also through the centre of the state. From Wisconsin and Iowa we hear the same story. But, taking the reports from all sections, there can scarcely be a doubt of a great deficiency, as compared with last year. Some estimate the crop at two-thirds of an average, but nearly all agree that it will not exceed half of the crop of 1860."

A MINISTER HUNG IN ARKANSAS.—I have just learned that a minister—I believe a Methodist—was hung at his church door, at a village called Dardanelle, about 60 miles above Little Rock, Ark., on the Arkansas River. He preached on the text in Deuteronomy, xx., 19: "In the seventh year thou shalt let him go free." Just what he preached about I don't know. He is said to have been originally from Zanesville, Ohio.—*Wash. Cor. of Tribune.*

THE DASH SOUTH.—The *N. Y. Tribune* says that the two new naval expeditions against the South will carry 25,000 men—one expedition under Butler, the other under Sherman.

AFFAIRS in Western Virginia remain unchanged. Gen. Reynolds, in command at Cheat Mountain, informs the War Department that he is able to sustain himself in his present position.

FIGHT NEAR HARPER'S FERRY.

THREE PENNSYLVANIA COMPANIES ENGAGED —THE ENEMY REPULSED.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 16.—The following official despatch was received at Gen. McClellan's headquarters to-day:

DARNESTOWN, MD., Sept. 15.—This afternoon, at half past three o'clock, about 450 rebels attacked the extreme right of our pickets, about three miles above this place, opposite Pritchard's Mills. The affair was a spirited one, lasting about two hours.

The enemy was driven from every house and breastwork they occupied. Eight or ten rebels are said to be killed and a number wounded.

Our loss is only one killed. Our victory is complete, and the troops behaved most admirably. Our cannon were efficiently served, and rendered good service in the action.

(Signed) G. W. GEARY,
Colonel of the Twenty-eighth Reg't Pennsylvania Reserves.

Companies B, D and I of the Twenty Eighth Pennsylvania regiment, and two companies of the Thirteenth Massachusetts, were engaged in the conflict.

During the fight a rebel was seen taking aim at Col. Geary, when the Colonel grasped a rifle from a soldier and shot him on the spot. Our troops are in fine spirits.

ON A BARBER.

What annoyed other folks never spoiled his repose;
'Twas the same thing to him whether stocks fell or rose.
For blast and for mildew he cared not a pin;
His crops never failed, for they grew on the *chin.*

☞ Some fret inwardly, and some fret outwardly. The former is the better plan for our friends, but the worst for ourselves.

☞ "Bob, how is your sweetheart getting along?" "Pretty well; she says I needn't call any more."

NEWS FROM MISSOURI.

FLIGHT OF THE REBELS UNDER MARTIN GREEN—CAPTURE OF BAGGAGE, PROVISIONS AND PLUNDER—REPUTED CAPTURE OF 600 REBELS NEAR LEXINGTON.

The following despatch has been received at Washington:—

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 12, 1861.—To Col. E. D. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant-General.—The report of General Pope, received to-day from Hunnsville, says that he made a night march on Martin Green last Sunday, who, however, got notice of his approach, but was successful in causing the dispersion of 3,000 of the rebel force, leaving behind them much baggage, provisions and forage; also the public property seized by Green at Shelbourn.

Gen. Pope's infantry was too much fatigued to pursue. The horsemen, however, continued the pursuit ten or fifteen miles, until the enemy was completely scattered. The railroad east of Brookfield is open, and no more secession camps will be made within forty miles.

Gen. Grant telegraphs that the first gun is in position at Fort Holt, Kentucky.

Signed, J. C. FREMONT,
Major-General Commanding.

There are also rumors from Missouri that Dr. Jennison, at the head of the Kansas "Jay Hawkers" had fallen on a party of 500 rebels, under command of the notorious Dr. Staples, and completely routed them, killing their leader; and that Col. Marshall's illinois cavalry had surrounded 600 rebels, under Capt. Shelby, a short distance below Lexington, and taken the whole force prisoners. Five hundred stand of arms, one cannon. These reports need confirmation.

It is reported that Capt. Boyd, commanding the secession forces in Buchanan county, marched into St. Joseph on Saturday last and plundered the stores there of some $40,000 worth of goods.

The connection between the Pacific and Iron Mountain Railroad was completed today. This junction of the roads was made by order of Gen. Fremont, and will enable the Government to transport troops and army stores from one section of the state to another without reshipment. Troops can also be transported from the river without the delay of marching through the city.

REPORTED ADVANCE OF THE REBELS ON LEXINGTON.—ST. LOUIS, Sept. 13.—The citizens of Jackson county report that Generals Price and Rains were within forty miles of Lexington, on Tuesday, with 15,000 men and 18 pieces of artillery. This report needs confirmation.

Tom Harris captured a Government agent, named Smith, in Boone county, a few days since, and took from him $1,300, and a number of horses. It was expected that Harris would take possession of Columbia, in Boone county, where a bank is located.

Martin Green, finding Northern Missouri too hot for him, has crossed the Missouri river at Glasgow, at the head of 3,500 horsemen, and moved southward. He took possession of the steamer Sunshine which was lying at Glasgow, and used it for transporting his men and horses across the river.

On board of the Sunshine were some 4,000 stand of arms, four or five secession prisoners, and a Federal guard of 14 men. Green released the prisoners and took the guard prisoners. The Sunshine was laden with bacon, sugar, and other articles, all of which fell into Green's hands and went into his Commissary Department.

SKIRMISH AT LEWINSVILLE, NEAR WASHINGTON.

A topographical reconnoissance was made on the 11th at Lewinsville, by the forces under Gen. Smith, commanding at Chain Bridge, with a view to future occupation. I have the authority of Gen. Smith that the reconnoissance was successful, and the object thoroughly carried out. The troops supporting the Engineer's party consisted of Lieut. McLean's Company, Regular Cavalry, Capt. Robinson's Volunteer Company of Black Horse, the Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, Griffin's and Monk's Batteries of Artillery, and Infantry, numbering 1,750, selected from Colonel Cochran's New York Chasseurs, the 7th New York, the 6th Maine, the 2nd and 3rd Vermont, the 5th and 20th Wisconsin, and the 19th Indiana, all under Col. Stevens of the 79th. They arrived at Lewinsville, about seven miles from the Chain Bridge, soon after 1 o'clock.

The march was conducted with military regularity, with skirmishes thrown out, etc. They took position at Lewinsville, sent out

THE RISING OF THE PEOPLE.

A Poem Delivered Before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University.

BY ELDRIDGE JEFFERSON CUTLER.

The drum's wild roar awakes the land; the fife is calling shrill;
Ten thousand starry banners blaze on town, and bay, and hill;
Our crowded streets are throbbing with the soldiers' measured tramp;
Among our bladed cornfields gleam the white tents of the camp.
The thunders of the rising war hush Labor's drowsy hum,
And heavy to the ground the first dark drops of battle come.
The souls of men flame up anew; the narrow heart expands;
And woman brings her patient faith to nerve her eager hands.
Thank God! we are not buried yet, though long in trance we lay.
Thank God! the fathers need not blush to own their sons to-day.

Oh! sad and slow the weeks went by; each held his anxious breath,
Like one who waits, in helpless fear, some sorrow grand as death.
Oh! scarcely was there faith in God, nor any trust in man,
While fast along the Southern sky the blighting shadow ran.
It veiled the stars, one after one; it hushed the patriot's song,
And stole from men the sacred sense that parteth right from wrong.
Then a red flash, the lightning across the darkness broke,
And with a voice that shook the land the guns of Sumter spoke:
Wake, sons of heroes, wake! The age of heroes dawns again;
Truth takes in hand her ancient sword, and calls her loyal men.
Lo! brightly o'er the breaking day shines Freedom's holy star.
Peace cannot cure the sickly time. All hail, the healer, War!

*That call was heard by Plymouth Rock; 'twas heard in Boston Bay;
Then up the piny streams of Maine sped on its ringing way.
New Hampshire's rocks, Vermont's green hills, it kindled into flame;
Rhode Island felt her mighty soul bursting her little frame:
The Empire City started up, her golden fetters rent,
And, meteor-like, across the North the fiery mes sage sent;
Over the breezy prairie land, by bluff and lake it ran,
Till Kansas bent his arm, and laughed to find himself a man;
Then on, by cabin and by camp, by stony waste and sands,
It ran exultant down the sea where the Golden City stands.

And wheresoe'r the summons came, there rose an angry din,
As when upon a rocky coast a stormy tide comes in.
Straightway the fathers gathered voice, straightway the sons arose,
With flushing cheek, as when the East with day's red current glows.
Hurrah! the long despair is past; our fading hopes renew;
The fog is lifting from the land, and lo, the ancient blue!
We learn the secret of the deeds the sires have handed down,
To fire the youthful soldier's zeal, and lend his green renown.
Who lives for country, through his arm feels all hers flow,
'Tis easy to be brave for truth, as for the rose to blow.

Oh! Law, fair form of Liberty, God's light is on thy brow
Oh! Liberty, thou soul of Law, God's very self art thou!
One the clear river's sparkling flood that clothes the bank with green;
And one the line of stubborn rock that holds the water in—
Friends, whom we cannot think apart, seeming each other's foe:
Twin flowers upon a single stalk with equal grace that grow.
Oh! fair ideas, we write your names across our banner's fold;
For you, the sluggard's brain is fire; for you, the coward bold.
Oh! daughter of the bleeding past! Oh! hope the prophets saw!
God give us Law in Liberty, and Liberty in Law!

Full many a heart is aching with mingled joy and pain,
For those who go so proudly forth and may not come again;
And many a heart is aching for those it leaves behind,
As a thousand tender histories throng in upon the mind.
The old men bless the young men and praise their bearing high;
The women in the doorways stand to wave them bravely by.
One threw her arms about her boy, and said, "Good bye, my son;
God help thee do the valiant deeds thy father would have done."
One held up to a bearded man a little child to kiss,
And said, "I shall not be alone, for thy dear love and this."
And one, a rosebud in her hand, leant at a soldier's side;
"Thy country weds thee first," she said; "be I thy second bride."

Oh! mothers, when, around your hearths ye count your cherished ones,
And miss from the enchanted ring the flower of all your sons;
Oh! wives, when o'er the cradled child ye bend at evening's fall,
And voices which the heart can hear across the distance call;
Oh! maidens, when in the sleepless nights ye ope the little case,
And look till ye can look no more upon the proud young face,
Not only pray the Lord of Life, who measures mortal breath,
To bring the absent back unscathed out of the fire of death;
Oh! pray with that divine content which God's best favor draws,
That, whosoever lives or dies, He save His holy cause!

So out of shop and farm-house, from shore and inland glen,
Thick as the bees in clover time, are swarming armed men;
Along the dusty roads in haste the eager columns come,
With flash of sword and musket's gleam, the bugle and the drum.
Ho! comrades, see the starry flag, broad-waving at our head.
Ho! comrades, mark the tender light on the dear emblems spread.
Our fathers' blood has hallowed it; 'tis part of their renown;
And palsied be the caitiff hand would pluck its glories down!
Hurrah! hurrah! it is our home, where'er thy colors fly,
We win with thee the victory, or in thy shadow die!

Oh! women, drive the rattling loom, and gather in the hay;
For all the youth worth love and truth are marshalled for the fray.
Southward the hosts are hurrying, with banners wide unfurled,
From where the stately Hudson floats the wealth of half the world;
From where, amid his clustered isles, Lake Huron's waters gleam;
From where the Mississippi pours an unpolluted stream;
From where Kentucky's fields of corn bend in the southern air;
From broad Ohio's luscious vines; from Jersey's orchards fair;
From where, between his fertile slopes, Nebraska's rivers run;
From Pennsylvania's iron hills; from woody Oregon;
And Massachusetts led the van, as in the days of yore,
And gave her reddest blood to cleanse the stones of Baltimore.

Oh! mothers, sisters, daughters, spare the tears ye fain would shed;
Who seem to die in such a cause, ye cannot call them dead.
They live upon the lips of men, in picture, bust and song,
And nature folds them in her heart, and keeps them safe from wrong.

Oh! length of days is not a boon the brave man prayeth for;
There are a thousand evils worse than death or any war—
Oppression, with his iron strength, fed on the souls of men,
And License, with the hungry brood that haunt his ghastly den.
But like bright stars ye fill the eye; adoring hearts ye draw;
Oh! sacred grace of Liberty, oh! majesty of Law.

Hurrah! the drums are beating; the fife is calling shrill;
Ten thousand starry banners flame on town, and bay, and hill:
The thunders of the rising war drown Labor's peaceful hum;
Thank God that we have lived to see the saffron morning come—
The morning of the battle call, to every soldier dear!
Oh, joy! the cry is "Forward!" Oh, joy! the foe is near!
For all the crafty men of peace have failed to purge the land;
Hurrah! the ranks of battle close; God takes His cause in hand!

[*NOTE.—We may be allowed to say, in connection with this splendid poem, that, *as on historical fact*, the great Uprising of the People did not commence, as the poet depicts, at Plymouth Rock, but in the immediate vicinity—under the very eaves, as it were—of INDEPENDENCE HALL, in Philadelphia. As the telegraph bore over the land the news of the popular demonstrations in this city, similar demonstrations occurred in New York and all through the country. It is an undeniable truth that there is no place in the Union where the Union feeling is stronger than in Philadelphia—and we impute it to the inestimable influence continually exerted upon our citizens by the associations connected with the Hall of Independence.—*Bitter Saturday Evening Post.*]

KEROSENE EXPLOSIONS.

The following communication was sent to the Boston Courier by Dr. Jackson, State Assayer, in answer to an inquiry by the editor of that paper "Why some Kerosene explodes?" The Doctor's reply is as follows:

I would state that in the production of this oil, there are also formed light and volatile oils, which are very explosive. One is well known under the name of Kerosoline, a fluid volatile as ether. A careful manufacturer removes all this volatile oil from his Kerosene, by exposing it to a heat sufficient to evaporate it; but others allow it to remain, or purposely mix it in, for the purpose of making their oil burn more freely and without smoke. It is mixed also with the lubricating oils, which otherwise will not burn without smoke, and thus they are able to sell that oil for illuminating purposes. I have not seen any samples of Kerosene adulterated with oil of turpentine, though there may have been such.

The rock oil, or petroleum, now so abundant, yields also a heavy non-explosive oil (oil of naptha), and a very volatile and explosive one (naptha). A careless manufacturer may omit to remove this explosive oil from his distilled rock oil, and thus leave it in a very dangerous state for the consumer.

Samples of Kerosene oil were sent to me by one of our insurance companies, to learn if it was as safe to use in a factory as whale oil. I found those samples were explosive, and so reported at the time, and the party wishing to substitute that oil for the whale oil was not permitted to do so by the company.

Generally one may distinguish the explosive mixtures by the smell, there being little or no odor to the heavy oil, while the volatile ones have a strong smell; but the crucial test is most rapidly applied by placing a vial, partly filled with the oil to be tried, in some warm water—say at 100 Fah.—and applying a match to the mouth of a vial. If a volatile oil of a dangerous character is present, it will inflame.

☞ The United States use one-third of all the coffee grown.

MRS. BROWN DISCOURSETH OF A MATTER.

"A woman's work is never done," said Mrs. Brown, as she brought a chair from the rank and file against the wall, and offered it to her neighbor, Mr. Jones. In performing this hospitable action, Mrs. Brown called the ghost of a smile to her face, and in the care-worn features could be seen signs of beauty and sweetness that time and trouble were stealing from her. She resumed her seat, and while rocking the cradle, wearily proceeded to pare, quarter, and core the apples in the pan beside her, while she discoursed in this wise to the strong, hearty-looking farmer who sat opposite:

"No, John isn't in, Mr. Jones. He's gone to the village to hear about secession—something or other. I can't keep track of it, I'm so hurried and tired—' Tugged with fortune and wearied with disaster,' as my mother used to say."

"You mean to say you ain't any patriotism; don't care what them rascally firebugs do, say how, I suppose; little odds to you whether Major Anderson holds out or not." Mr. Jones said this in a wondering, good-natured way.

"Now, look here, neighbor," and into Mrs. Brown's pale cheek a faint crimson crept and wavered uncertainly, then stationed itself in the unaccustomed place. "Look here, neighbor, you know that hen of ours—the speckled one, that's so famous for raising chickens? You know how she worries over 'em, and clucks, and scratches, and watches for 'em, and gets poor and fretted like, so she's nothing at last but a bundle of bones and feathers—but the chickens come through all right—fat, and plump, and bright-eyed. You know how old Fuss—that's the name John gave her—never minds what she eats, or how heavy the rain pelts down upon her, and isn't afraid of anything, for the 'chickens' sake. Well, somehow I think I'm like the poor old hen." Mrs. Brown dropped her knife and bent over the cradle a moment. Farmer Jones didn't notice the tear that fell on the baby's cheek. "You see, neighbor," the woman went on, "when my heart and hands are full of thoughts and work for John and the children—of how I can manage to save here, and get along without this, and make that last beyond all reason—I don't have much time left to think about these politics, or anything beyond this room we live in. But I used to have thoughts outside of this, about the countries away over the sea"—and the woman's eyes had a far-off, mournful look in them. "In geography, I remember how I liked to learn about 'em, and then I thought may be I'd see all those beautiful things some day; you know girls have their fancies. But I've given all that up. 'Tisn't easy to go 'wool gathering' when I see bub's toes coming out of his stockings, and John's mittens needing a patch. I'm afraid you men don't make hardly allowance enough for us, always. We're not so strong as you, and then our work is different. You are out in the fresh air and sunshine, but we stay in the house and don't have much change. You go to market, and haul wood and straw, and meet your neighbors and have a pleasant word with them, but we see the same things day after day, and get lonesome sometimes, and wonder why we were put into such kind of lives as these. Then it's trying to a woman's nerves—the kind of work she has to do. 'Tisn't like ploughing, and sowing, and driving horses; that's heavy work, to be sure, but then you're strong to do it. But we have such particular, careful work. Now, there is bread-making—you don't know how much worry there is about it. You must take so much into the account, the kind of flour, the kind of wood you have to make your fire, the yeast; all these are changing, and you must make allowances for this. You must let the bread rise just so much, and fix the dampers just right, and handle it so careful. Why, Dr. D——— told me that it's like managing chemicals; and he said men that had to work with chemicals were the most nervous kind, because they were always so full of thoughts and care. Then, there's preserves and pickles, and cakes and coffee. You don't know anything about the care and trouble it is to get them up so nice, when you sit down to eat the light, crisp pastry, and drink the coffee, creamed to the color that suits you. You don't know how tiresome it is to feel so much care always on you, nor how much patience and watching it takes before a turkey or roast is 'done to a turn.'"

Mr. Jones looked steadily at his neighbor while she talked. She paused a moment to replenish the fire. He sat in a kind of maze, without offering her any assistance. Finding that he did not speak, she continued—

"And so you see, with all these things, I don't think much about what's going on outside, that you and John talk about, though I often wish I could. And I think, somehow, I'm like our old hen I spoke of, for I don't mind much about myself. I see that I'm getting to stoop more every year, and there are gray hairs here on my temples, though I'm not thirty yet. The wrinkles are so plain, too, on my forehead. I am sorry; John thought I was so pretty, years ago. I remember how straight and slim I used to be, and I had nice brown hair and red cheeks. Dear me! there hasn't been a bit of color in them for years. John is always good and kind, but he don't know how worried I get, most every day, and when I speak short and fretful sometimes, he looks surprised and says, 'What! Mary, is it you speaking in such a voice as that?'"

Mr. Jones looked up in a wondering kind of way.

"Why, I never thought of this before," he said. "I thought women's work wasn't much, any way. But I see you're right. According to your strength, you have the hardest time. We work hard, but then, as you say, we're stronger, and have more variety; and then at evening we rest. I'm glad you spoke so, Mrs. Brown. I'll be more considerate toward the women. I'd advise you to keep a hired girl, only they're such cross, vexing things."

"No, I don't think so," Mrs. Brown replied. "Hired girls are abused, too. They have the same troubles that I have, almost. No wonder they complain sometimes, who have cause always. We ought to be sorry for them, and remember their troubles. And then, John can't afford to keep a girl; I wouldn't let him. No, there's no way for me but to keep on working and worrying till I can't do any more, and then they'll lay me away where is's quiet, and I shall rest. But—" and her eyes grew bright, "the children will grow up tall and strong, and if my life goes to nourish theirs, I suppose it's all the same. And yet I wish sometimes my life had been a brighter one."

A rough hand fell on the woman's head, but its touch was gentle as her mother's might have been. A firm, manly voice said:

"Your life shall be a brighter one, Mary. God help me make it so."

She turned quickly, exclaiming in her sad, sweet voice—

"John! John!"

—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

A MODERN DICTIONARY.

Distant Relations—People who imagine they have a claim to rob you if you are rich, and to insult you if you are poor.

Belle—A beautiful, but useless insect without wings, whose colors fade on being removed from the sunshine.

Heart—A rare article, sometimes found in human beings. It is soon, however, destroyed by commerce with the world, or else becomes fatal to its possessor.

Housewifery—An ancient art, said to have been fashionable among young girls and wives; now entirely out of use, or practised only by the lower orders.

Editor—A poor wretch, who empties his brain in order to fill his stomach.

Wealth—The most respectable quality of man.

Virtue—An awkward habit of acting differently from other people. A vulgar word. It creates great mirth in fashionable circles.

Honor—Shooting a friend through the head whom you love, in order to gain the praise of a few others whom you despise.

Laughter—An agreeable and contagious convulsion of the human countenance on receiving a tailor's bill, or being asked to return an umbrella.

Managers of Lotteries—Men who pay the legislature handsomely for the privilege of cheating the people.

Law Proceedings—Unbrushed cobwebs of the dark ages.

Bonnet—A female head-dress for the front seats of the opera.

Cigar—A slender, yellow, speckled tube, formed of the dried and folded leaves of a wonderful plant, discovered by Raleigh. When women turn false, and men selfish—when your creditor duns you like a fiend, and your debtor takes the act—when the future looks dark, and the present dreary, by the fragrance of this little instrument, extracted by means of fire, you are for a brief period rendered insensible to every sorrow, and lulled into dreams more entertaining than those of sleep.

Satirical Poems—Harmless impertinence in verse.

Death—An ill-bred fellow, who visits people at all seasons, and insists upon their immediately returning his call.

Author—A dealer in words, who often gets paid in his own coin.

Friend—A person who will not assist you because he knows your love will excuse him.

Bargain—A ludicrous transaction, in which each party thinks he has cheated the other.

Doctor—A man who kills you to-day to save you from dying to-morrow.

Lunatic Asylum—A kind of hospital, where detected lunatics are sent by those who have had the adroitness to conceal their own infirmity.

Water—A clear fluid, once used as a drink.

Trespasses—A fellow with a tin pot on his head, who stalks about the stage, and gets into a violent passion for so much a night.

Critic—A bad dog, that goes unchained, and barks at everything he does not comprehend.

Esquire—Everybody, yet nobody; equal to colonel.

Jury—Twelve prisoners in a box to try one or more at the bar.

Young Attorney—A useless member of society, who often goes where he has no business to be, because he has no business where he ought to be.

State's Evidence—A wretch who is pardoned for being baser than his comrades.

Public Abuse—The mud with which every traveller is spattered on his road to distinction.

Political Honesty—Previous lexicographers have not noticed this word, treating it, I presume, altogether as fabulous; for definition, *see self-interest.*

The Grave—An ugly hole in the ground, which lovers and poets wish they were in, but take uncommon pains to keep out of.

Modesty—A beautiful flower that flourishes only in secret places.

Sensibility—A quality by which its possessor, in attempting to promote the happiness of other people, loses his own.

A Man of Talents—An impertinent scoundrel who thrusts himself forward; a writer of poetry; a person without modesty; a noisy fellow; a speech-maker.

Lawyer—A learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from your enemy and keeps it himself.

My Dear—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

Policeman—A man employed by the corporation to sleep in the open air.

Office of Street Inspector—A sinecure.

Dentist—A person who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.

Fear—The shadow of hope.

Rural Felicity—Potatoes and turnips.

Tongue—A little horse which is continually running away.

FEELINGS ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

The correspondent of the Charleston Courier gives the following description of the feelings of a soldier for the first time on a battle-field:—

No person who was not upon the ground and an eye-witness of the stirring scenes which there transpired, can begin to comprehend from a description the terrible realities of a battle; and even those who participated are competent to speak only of their own personal experience. Where friends and foes are falling by scores, and every species of missile is flying through the air, threatening each instant to send one into eternity, little time is afforded for more observation or reflection than is required for personal safety.

The scene is one of the most exciting and exhilirating that can be conceived. Imagine a regiment passing you at "double quick," the men cheering with enthusiasm, their teeth set, their eyes flashing, and the whole in a frenzy of resolution. You accompany them to the field. They halt. An aid-de-camp passes to or from the commanding General. The clear voices of the officers ring along the line in tones of passionate eloquence, their words short, thrilling and elastic. The word is given to march, and the body move into action. For the first time in your life you listen to the whizzing of iron hail. Grape and cannister fly into the ranks, bombshells burst overhead, and the fragments fly all around you. A friend falls, perhaps a dozen or twenty of your comrades lie wounded or dying at your feet; a strange, involuntary shrinking steals over you, which it is impossible to resist. You feel inclined neither to advance nor recede, but are spell-bound by the contending emotions of the moral and physical man. The cheek blanches, the lip quivers, and the eye almost hesitates to look upon the scene.

In this attitude you may, perhaps, be ordered to stand an hour inactive, havoc meanwhile marking its footsteps with blood on every side. Finally the order is given to advance, to fire, or to charge. And now, what a metamorphosis! With your first shot you become a new man. Personal safety is your least concern. Fear has no existence in your bosom. Hesitation gives way to an uncontrollable desire to rush into the thickest of the fight. The dead and dying around you, if they receive a passing thought, only serve to stimulate you to revenge. You become cool and deliberate, and watch the effect of bullets, the shower of bursting shells, the passage of cannon-balls, as they rake their murderous channels through your ranks, the plunging of wounded horses, the agonies of the dying, and the clash of contending arms, which follows the dashing charge, with a feeling so calloused by surrounding circumstances, that your soul seems dead to every sympathizing and selfish thought.

Such is the spirit which carries the soldier through the field of battle. But when the excitement has passed, when the roll of musketry has ceased, the noisy voices of the cannons are stilled, the dusky pall of sulphurous smoke has risen from the field, and you stroll over the theatre of carnage, hearing the groans of the wounded, discovering here, shattered almost beyond recognition, the form of some dear friend whom only an hour before you met in the full flush of life and happiness, there another perforated by a bullet, a third with a limb shot away, a fourth with his face disfigured, a fifth almost torn to fragments, a sixth a headless corpse, the ground ploughed up and stained with blood, human brains splashed around, limbs without bodies and bodies without limbs scattered here and there, and the same picture duplicated scores of times;—then you begin to realize the horrors of war, and experience a reaction of nature.—The heart opens its flood-gates, humanity asserts herself again, and you begin to feel.

Friend and foe alike now receive your kindest ministerings. The enemy who but a short time before, full of hate, you were doing all in your power to kill, you now exert it to save. You supply him with water to quench his thirst, with food to sustain his strength, and with sympathizing words to soothe his troubled mind. All that is human or charitable in your nature now rises to the surface, and you are animated by that spirit of mercy "which blesseth him that gives and him that takes." A battle-field is eminently a place that tries men's souls.

VAGARIES OF INSANITY.

There is in the Blockley Almshouse, Philadelphia, a singular individual, who goes under the cognomen of Jesus Christ. He has a cell in the lunatic department; he is not confined, but desires to be excluded from the other inmates. He is conscious he is surrounded by crazy people, although he is not crazy himself. He has been confined for several years, and has learned to regard his position with considerable complacency. He has been a school teacher. His mind was worked up during a revival, and he became a street preacher, then a lunatic. He went forth proclaiming his personality of Jesus Christ, when, as a matter of course, he soon found himself an inmate of the lunatic asylum.

About eighteen months ago, in company with Dr. M———, formerly attached to the Institution, we paid him a visit. We found his cell door open. In reply to our knock, we were told to come in; and I must confess that, although prepared, by description, to meet this man, yet I was startled by his appearance. He is of medium height and majestic in appearance. His auburn hair flows down upon his shoulders, his perennial blue eye, beard, moustache, and complexion make a facsimile of Him whose portrait has been handed down to us upon the Hebrew medals; the likeness to the divine Hebrew is wondrous.

Very courteously inviting us to be seated, I took the bed, the doctor the only chair, and he remained standing. His conversation was fluent, but mystical. With his Bible—"his word," as he termed it—he explained to us some of the great mysteries of religion. In reply to questions, he would confound himself. At one time he alleged that he was Christ Jesus, a brother of Jesus Christ; and, when we gently insinuated that no such personage existed in history, he became quite wroth. In reply to a question as to when the day of judgment would arrive, he very cunningly replied that "that knowledge was reserved to the Father and the Son, and that when the time came, man should know also; it was a knowledge reserved to him and his Father—a knowledge God-born and for God."

About this time, a merry Irish lunatic, whose condition had been produced by a bar of iron falling upon his head, entered the cell to greet the doctor, whom he knew well and liked.

"Now," said M———, "we shall have a singular contest."

Jimmy, the name of the last arrival, was a Catholic and a furious controversialist. The doctor introduced the subject of the "Immaculate Conception." The loose statements of "Jesus Christ" excited Jimmy's anger, and he was not chary in his summing up of the former's character. When leaving the cell, he pointed very significantly to his divine friend.

"He's crazy," said he; "there's no arguing with a crazy man."

Jesus Christ, whose dignity had been seriously assailed, turned to us with an inquiring eye, but seeing only respectful expressions upon our faces, he readily assumed his divine demeanor, and speaking compassionately, he assured us that Jimmy "was crazy as a March hare."

In speaking of himself and his works, he would utter a tremendously long sentence of mysterious nonsense, invariably terminating with the phrase "highfallutin hi-de-de-diddledum," a conclusion which would nearly convulse one with laughter.

In taking our leave of him, he gave us his blessing, and assured us we need not be uneasy about the day of judgment, as his salvation was secured—a conclusion which we received with hearty emphasis.

But the characteristics of this man are really astounding. In addition to the wonderful resemblance which he bears to the Saviour, he has a dignity and grace of manner different from that which we come in contact with in the world, and such as we would naturally attribute to Jesus Christ. His voice is mellow, and impresses one with the profound charity which must control its utterances.

He has an extensive but confused knowledge of the Bible, and becomes immersed in a web of contradictions in his theological conversations. Upon other subjects, he converses well and sensibly; but it is impossible to keep him for any length of time away from his predominant ides. He sometimes thinks that he is now a captive to the Jews, and during the day walks back and forth in his cell, from wall to wall, muttering low to himself, or rapt in the contemplation of something not visible to mortal eyes.

This is certainly a marked exhibition of the power which the mind exercises over the body. The head of this man has, undoubtedly, always presented a faithful portraiture of that which has come down to us as the head of Christ; but he has acquired the *expression* and *manner* which one insensibly connects with the conception of the Son of Man.—*New York Courier.*

GRANDMOTHER GRANBY.

Good old Grandmother Granby! How she loved children! It was one of her chief pleasures to get a group of girls into her parlor, seat them round her easy-chair, and talk to them about things she had seen and heard during her long but happy life.

"Girls," said she, one day, "have you ever noticed that poplar tree that grows in my door-yard?"

"Yes, ma'am; it is very much bent," replied some of the girls.

"Very much bent, indeed," the old lady said; "and I always feel guilty for having spoiled its shape."

"You spoiled its shape, grandmother?" retorted the girls. "We always thought it grew so of itself."

"Yes, it grew so; but it was because the strongest winds blew down street. I saw it begin to bend when it was a sapling, and knew that if I did not have it tied up, its beauty would be spoiled. But I neglected it, and now it is too large to be brought back to its proper shape.

"Yes, 'tis a pity," the old lady remarked, lifting her hands as she spoke; "but 'twill be a greater pity if you, girls, are left like my tree, to grow up forming bad habits and unchristian characters. For though, by the grace of God, you should afterwards become pious, you would carry the marks of your wrong early habits to the grave. It is best, therefore, for you to begin doing and being right now, so that you may grow up beautiful and beloved by all who know you."

The girls had grown thoughtful while Grandmother Granby was speaking. They never passed the poplar tree after that hour without thinking of what she said. I hope their thoughts led them to try to grow up in the fear of God and the practice of their duty.

PAPIER MACHE.—Papier mache is made of the cuttings of paper. The paper is first boiled in water; next beaten in a mortar till it is reduced to paste; then boiled again with a solution of gum-arabic, and finally formed into the articles required by being pressed into moulds. This substance is supposed to be the invention of the Chinese, but it is made in Japan and India as well as in China. The best is now produced in France and England.

☞ The sound of a cannon ball striking a human being is described by a soldier at the battle of Bull Run. He compares it to a sound made by striking a soft sharply with a flat.

MY RENTED HOME.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

My neat little home, tho' it's only a rented one,
I try hard to love it as if 'twere my own;
And strive to be making my heart a contented one,
'Tis hard work sometimes, for the trouble I've known.

I plant and I sow, never saying it's folly
To seed on a soil that another may claim;
Such thoughts only bring us a sad melancholy;
Drop the seed, 'tis God's ground, and 'twill grow just the same.

It may blossom for me, it may bear fruit for others,
I shall have my reward in the deed—time goes on.
If it flourish, who knows but good sisters and brothers,
Just renters like me, may be blessed when I'm gone?

The earth is not ours, selfish ones, for possessing:
We plant but for others to reap at the best;
And the more we can strew it with brightness and blessing,
The more I am thinking, ourselves will be blest. —*Field Notes.*

THE MYSTERY;

OR,

The Recollections of Anne Hereford.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN EXPLANATION.

With the letter grasped in my hand, I was hastening to my own room to read it in peace—

"Read it!" interposed the reader, aghast. "*Read* it?"

Yes; read it. I believed that that letter was full of treachery to Chandos, and that I had unwittingly contributed to raise it, through my incautious revelation. Surely it was my duty now to do what I could to avert it, even though it involved the opening of Mrs. Penn's letter. But in leaving the oak parlor for my room, I met Hickens carrying in the soup; and crossing the hall came Mr. Chandos.

No chance of reading it then; so I thrust it into a safe receptacle inside my dress, and sat down to table.

It was a silent dinner, save for the ordinary courtesies; Mr. Chandos was grave, preoccupied, and sorrowful; I was as grave and preoccupied as he. When the servants left, he drew a dish of walnuts towards him, peeled some and passed them to me; then he began to peel for himself. It was upon my tongue to say No; not to accept them from him; but somehow words failed me.

"Anne, I have not understood you these last few days."

The address took me by surprise, for there had been a long silence. He did not raise his eyes to mine as he spoke, but kept them on the walnuts.

"Have you not, sir?"

"Sir,' again! I thought that had been discarded long ago."

"I am sorry that it was ever discarded. But let it pass, I beg of you."

"What could have induced you to intrude into the west wing, to-day? Pardon the word, if it grates upon your ear; that part of Chandos House is sacred, known to be so to all within it; and, for any one to enter unsolicited, *is* an intrusion."

"I am sorry that I went in; very sorry; but I had an urgent motive for wishing to see Lady Chandos. I wish to see her still, if possible; I do not like to quit Chandos without it."

"You are not going to quit Chandos."

"I leave to-morrow, if it be practicable. If not, the next day."

"Anne, it must not be. As I said yesterday, I cannot spare you."

I would not answer. I rose and stood near the fire, not turning to him.

"And, pray, where did you think of winging your flight to?" he resumed.

"I shall find friends to receive me, sir."

"What has changed you?" he abruptly asked.

"Changed me?"

"I say that for the last few days you have been unlike yourself. Why visit upon me, in your manner, the faults of another? I suffer sufficiently, as it is; I suffer always."

I could not understand the speech any more than if it had been Greek, and glanced to him for explanation.

"I look back on my past conduct, and cannot see that I am to blame. That we were thrown together was no doing of mine; and if love stole on, before either of us was aware, it was neither my fault nor yours. I was wrong, you will say, to avow this love; I believe I was; it may have been better that I had not done it; but, Anne, the impulse that urged me to avow it, was, the seeing that the love was on your side, as well as on my own. Now don't fly off at a tangent; I intend to have an explanation with you this night, so we may as well bear the truth from one another; an explanation that shall put things straight between us; or sever us forever. Child, you know you love me," he added, laying his hand upon my shoulder. "Were your love but a tenth part as tender as mine is for you, you could not treat me as you are doing now."

What was I to answer him? Was I to submit tamely to those insults. He went on.

"I say, that to suffer for the crime of another is sufficient punishment. I am aware of the ban that is upon my family, the disgrace that is reflected upon me: and I repeat that your manner need not be cold and scornful, although you may deem that I, a Chandos, ought not to have cast a thought to the daughter of Colonel Hereford. How you became aware of the disgrace attaching to my family, I cannot tell; but that you possess only a vague and most imperfect acquaintance with it, I am very sure."

"I possess no acquaintance with it," I passionately interrupted. "What is it to me, the disgrace attaching to your family? If there is any disgrace, it is unknown to me."

"Unknown to you?" he repeated, in an accent of surprise.

"Entirely unknown. What I have heard applies to you, to your conduct; not to that of your family."

"Oh," said he with a half laugh. "Well, what have I done? I am unaware of having wrought disgrace in my own person. Peccadillos in plenty, without doubt; but disgrace? No, that I cannot charge myself with. Neither can you charge me with it, Anne."

I remembered what Mrs. Penn had asserted, touching the crime she said he had committed; but I knew nothing of it of my own knowledge, so it was best to be silent. In truth I had never given credence to it; and believed there must be some mistake; it was impossible to connect murder with Harry Chandos. Very grand and noble did he look, as he stood there before me; ay, he did; and I could but notice it, in spite of what his conduct had been to me.

"Do you call deceit, dishonor, no disgrace, Mr. Chandos?"

"Great disgrace. But I have been guilty of neither."

"You have been guilty of both," I retorted.

"When? and how?"

"To me. You know it. And you ought to take shame to yourself for asserting to my face that you have not." It was a fierce answer, but my blood was up. He had said he meant to have the truth out between us; so much the better; I was in a mood for it.

"Will you tell me what you mean?" he quietly asked.

"Mean? You know better than I do."

"What has happened to put you in this passion with me?"

"Oh, that I had some friend to defend me, to take my part against these cruel insults!" I wailed out, wringing my hands in bitterness. "Mr. Chandos, is it well done of you, you who pride yourself on being a gentleman?"

He looked at me very searchingly, a puzzled air upon his countenance, speaking at length.

"When your excitement shall have cooled down, Anne, you can tell me calmly the nature of my offence, for I declare I am unable even to guess at it. You cannot surely be alluding to that little episode of the past, that break out of mine, when I told you of my love? and I know of no other grievance."

"I do allude to it; to that, and to nothing else. Is it not enough? Had I a brother, he would not have borne it unresented, as I am obliged to do."

"I cannot understand you in the least," he exclaimed. "If you deemed the fault so very grievous, why did you not resent it at the time? There appeared to be anything but resentment in your heart then."

"Because I did not know the facts, or your position. You spoke only of some disgrace attaching to your family, putting it forth as the bar. What was that to me—what should I have cared for it? But you never spoke of the real bar. It was cruel, it was wicked of you so to deceive me, Mr. Chandos."

"There is no other bar. But for this unhappy disgrace, I would make you my wife to-morrow. What have you got in your head?"

I knew what I had got in my temper: never had it been so excited. I believe I did not know what I retorted, and I am sure I did not care.

"If you dare to offer me another syllable of insult," were my intemperate words, "I will go straight with my tale to Mrs. Chandos."

"Wrong *her*! What has she to do with it? Mrs. Chandos is nothing to you or to me."

Nothing to him! I flashed on him a look of anger and contempt.

"Is that the way you speak of your wife?"

His elbow had displaced some ornament on the mantel-piece, knocked it over in fact, and he had turned hastily to save it from falling. But he turned more hastily to me again.

"My *what*? My wife, did you say?"

"I did."

"I don't possess one, Anne. Mrs. Chandos is no wife of mine. Did you go to sleep and dream it?"

My heart stood still. No wife of his? Was it possible that Mrs. Penn had deceived me—that my wretchedness had been without foundation? No condemned criminal, called forth from his cell to hear the reprieve read, that will restore to him the life he had forfeited, could experience a more intense revulsion of joy than I did then.

I put my hands up in front of him.

"Tell me the truth," I gasped, "the truth, as before heaven! Is, or is not, Mrs. Chandos your wife?"

He bent his head towards me, speaking clearly and distinctly, with an emphasis on every word.

"Mrs. Chandos is my sister-in-law. She is my brother's wife. It is the truth, in the presence of heaven."

I covered my face with my hands. Mr. Chandos took them away from it.

BREASTWORK THROWN UP FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE CAPITOL AT JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI.

The above cut from an engraving in the Illustrated News shows a portion of the defences of the State Capitol at Jefferson City, Missouri. At the last reports Gen. Price, at the head of 10,000 secessionists, was marching on that place.

"What strange dream have you been losing yourself in?"

"I believed that Mrs. Chandos was your wife."

"And that I, being a married man, had insulted you with my profession of love! Had you no better confidence in me than that? You once told me that you could trust me, that you should trust me always."

"Pray forgive me," I whispered.

"Yes, I will forgive you, Anne, for you must have suffered from your nightmare. But what on earth could have led you to take up the notion?"

"It was told to me, told me as a positive fact. And circumstances seemed to bear it out."

"What circumstances?"

"I knew that Mrs. Chandos was not a widow; I once heard her say so. I knew that she was the daughter-in-law of Lady Chandos: and I believed that you had no brother but Sir Thomas—whose wife of course she cannot be, or she would bear his title."

"Yes, I have another brother," he answered, in a whisper. "You saw him to-day, Anne."

"That poor sick gentleman, who looks so near the grave?"

"Even so. It is he who is the husband of Mrs. Chandos. The fact of his being at Chandos is unknown, not to be spoken of," he said, sinking his voice still lower, and glancing round the walls of the room, as though he feared they might contain eaves'-droppers. "Take care that it does not escape your lips."

Alas, it had escaped them. I bent my head and my flushed cheek, wondering whether I must confess it to him. He suddenly wound his arms around me, and gathered me to his breast.

"Once more, Anne: I must have you here whilst you listen to me, though we part for good the minute after. Whilst you have been amusing yourself with the fable that Mrs. Chandos was my wife, I have amused myself with another. I have been making up my mind to lay the case before you—the cause of disgrace which clings to us; and then leave it to you to take me as I am; or to reject me. Anne, my darling, it is you that I covet for a wife: not Mrs. Chandos, nor any other."

Never more, never more would I doubt him. True, kind, honorable, there he was, bending upon me. My whole heart, my trust went out to him, then and for ever. I lifted my eyes with all their love, and stole my hand into his. Down came his kisses upon my face by way of answer.

"And so you are willing to trust me without the explanation?"

"Yes; for I am certain you have been guilty of no crime, no disgrace!"

"Never; so help me heaven!" he fervently ejaculated. "The disgrace, though reflected upon me, is none of my working. Anne, you will not leave Chandos now."

"Not to-morrow."

"Nor for a good many more to-morrows," he smiled. I did not know about that, but would not pursue the point then. Oh, no; I was far too happy.

"And now tell me who was your informant?" he resumed. "It could scarcely have been any one at Chandos, for it is perfectly well known here that I am not a married man."

"It was Mrs. Penn."

"Mrs. Penn!" he repeated, in astonishment. "Why, she, of all people, would be least likely to mistake me for Mrs. Chandos's husband! She is acquainted with the whole facts and circumstances of the case, the only one in the house, save Hill, who is. You must have mistaken her, Anne."

"Oh, no, I did not mistake her. She said moreover that the crime, attaching to the family, was that of murder, and it was you who had committed it."

Mr. Chandos looked petrified, but soon his features cleared.

"Is it possible that she can be mistaking me for my brother?" he uttered. "And yet —no; I do not think that is possible; for she believes him to be a fugitive. What you tell me is very strange, Anne."

"Perhaps she is false," I whispered. "She has certainly done all in her power to separate me from you; to prejudice me against you; to induce me to quit Chandos."

"And her motive?" he returned, his lip curling haughtily. "Hark! What's that?"

It was a sound as of a carriage being driven swiftly to the door. Mr. Chandos released me and stood in an attitude of listening. It struck me that a sort of dread rose to his countenance.

"What troubles you?" I whispered, gently. "You look as if there were cause for fear."

"My dearest, there is ever cause for fear in this unhappy house. Do you remember the night that the police rode up, Anne? I thought surely the blow was come. I know not what this carriage may have brought: I am expecting nobody."

In hustled Hickens, faster than was usual with that solemn personage.

"It's Miss Emily, sir," said he, addressing Mr. Chandos. "That is, Madame de Mellisie: only her new name never comes pat to me."

"Miss Emily" was in the room ere Hickens had done speaking, and he withdrew.

"There's lots of luggage, Hickens," she called out to him: "you must see after Pauline. And how are you, Harry?" she continued, putting up her mouth to be kissed.

"This is an unexpected visit, Emily," he said, as he took the kiss. "You should have written us word, and I would have met you at the station with the carriage. How did you come from thence?"

"Oh, I got a conveyance of some sort; a fly, or a chaise; I hardly know what it was, except that I believe that it had no springs, for it shook enough. How's mamma?"

"Won't you speak to me, Madame de Mellisie?" I asked, holding out my hand. I had stood there waiting for her to notice me, which she did not appear to have the least intention of doing.

"I hope you are well, Anne Hereford," was her reply, but she pointedly and rudely neglected my offered hand. A frown contracted the brow of Mr. Chandos.

"Did you leave your husband well?" he hastily asked, as a sort of covering to her ill manners.

"Well, neither in health nor in temper, but as cranky as can be. I ran away."

"Ran away!"

"Of course I did. There came to me a letter, some days past—"

"Yes, I wrote to you," I interrupted.

"You?" she rudely said. "I am not alluding to your letter. When this letter came, I told Alfred I must go at once to Chandos. 'Very well,' said he, 'I shall be able to take you in a day or so.' But the days went on, and still he was too ill; or said he was. 'I *must* go,' I said to him yesterday morning, 'I must and I will,' and that put him up. 'Listen, ma chere,' cried he, in his cool way, 'I am too ill to travel, and there's nobody else to take you, so you *can't* go; therefore let us hear no more about it.' Merci, monsieur: I thought to myself; and I forthwith told Pauline to pack up and get the boxes out of the house, all *en cachette*, which she did; and I followed them, Alfred and Madame la Mere believing I had gone for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne. A pretty long drive they must think it by this time."

"Emily, how can you act so?" exclaimed her brother, in a tone of stern reproval.

"Now, Harry, I don't want any of your morality. Look at home, before you preach to me. What have you been at the last few weeks? I have heard."

"Shall I pay for the chaise, ma'am?" inquired Hickens, putting in his head.

"Pay for anything and everything, Hickens," was her answer. "I have brought no money with me, to speak of. I ran away."

"Emily, how *can* you?" exclaimed Mr. Chandos, as the man withdrew.

"Rubbish! who's Hickens? Pauline's sure to tell him all about it. I repeat to you, Harry, that you need not preach to me: you have more need to reform your own doings. The letter I received was about you and your goings on; and, from what it said, I began to think it high time that I should be at Chandos."

"Indeed!" he quietly answered. "Pray who may have taken the trouble to write it?"

"That is what I can't tell you. It was anonymous."

Mr. Chandos curled his lip.

"There is only one thing to do with an anonymous letter, Emily—put it in the fire, cast a thought of scorn to its writer, and then forget it forever. We have been dealing in anonymous letters here; I received one, and the—"

"You!" she interrupted. "What was it about?"

"I threw it in the fire and *forgot* it," was his marked answer. "The inspector of police at Warsall also received one, falsely purporting to be from me, and the result was that we had a descent of mounted police upon us one night with drawn sabres, frightening sober Chandos out of its propriety."

"I never heard of such a thing!" exclaimed Madame de Mellisie, her interest fully awakened. "What did they want?"

"The inspector was led, by this note, to believe I required them to take somebody into custody for theft. I assure you, anonymous letters have been the fashion here lately. But they are not the less despicable."

"Shall I tell you what was in mine?"

"I do not wish to hear it."

"Ah, you are afraid!" she answered, with a ringing laugh, while Mr. Chandos raised his head proudly. "Conscience makes cowards of all of us."

She began taking off her things, throwing a bonnet on one chair, a veil on another, a shawl on a third, strewing half the chairs in the room. I went forward to assist her.

"Don't touch anything of mine," she said. "You have displeased me."

"In what manner? What have I done?"

"I may tell you later. How long has mamma kept her room?"

"Ever since you left," replied Mr. Chandos.

"Oh. And you two have had the sole benefit of each other's company?"

"And a very pleasant benefit, too," boldly retorted Mr. Chandos. But my cheeks were in a flame, and they both saw it.

"You wrote me word that you wished to leave," she said, turning to me. "You are no longer in my service, and are at liberty to do so. When can you be ready?"

"My preparations will not take me long," was my reply.

Little cause was there to ask what had been the purport of her anonymous letter.—Who could have written it? Who could be concerning themselves about me and Mr. Chandos? Was it Mrs. Penn?

"What will you take, Emily?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know. I am not hungry.—Have you had tea? You may pour me out a glass of wine, if you like?"

"We have not had tea yet."

"I am going up to mamma now. Won't she pull a long face when she hears that I decamped without the cognizance of le mari et la vielle mere?"

"Emily," said Mr. Chandos, gravely, "you cannot go into your mamma's rooms to-night."

"But I will go," returned she, half gaily, half obstinately.

"My dear, you must not. There are urgent reasons why you must not."

"What are the reasons?"

"It will not give you pleasure to hear them. Be advised. Do not think of going into the west wing to-night. Shall I ring for Hill to show you a chamber?"

"I will be shown to a chamber when I have been in to mamma," she defiantly responded. "Take yourself out of the way, Harry."

For Mr. Chandos, with some marks of agitation, had interposed between her and the door.

"Emily, did I ever advise you but for your good, your comfort? Pray attend to me."

"For my good, no doubt," she merrily laughed. "I don't know about my comfort, Harry, we shall come to a battle royal, if you don't move from that door. I am quite determined to go into the west wing, and I will not be stopped. Goodness me! you are trying to control me as if I were a child!"

"Then let me whisper to you; to prepare you for what you will encounter there," was his answer, more of sorrow than of resentment in the tone, as he approached her and bent his lips against her ear.

A shrill scream. It came from Madame de Mellisie, and she seized hold of him like one terribly startled.

"Oh, Harry!" she uttered, "why did you tell me? Why did you frighten me?"

"You forced me to it, Emily."

She sat down on a chair, her hand pressed upon her heart, and appeared to be considering.

"I will still go," she presently said. "It can do no harm; it cannot make matters worse."

"Of course, you can go now," was his reply. "It was the knowledge of it that I wished to spare you."

She rose and slowly quitted the room. Mr. Chandos followed, to accompany her; but he lingered behind for a moment to whisper to me.

"Anne, bear for a few hours with what she may say. That anonymous letter has poisoned her mind: and my tongue is tied until you have heard my tale, for, it may be, you will even then reject me. I cannot stand up, your champion, until I know what I am to be to you."

I sat down with all my great weight of happiness. Oh, the change which had passed over me! He was not married; he was true and honorable, and he loved me! Hickens came in to remove the wine, and I chattered to him like a merry school-girl. Every thing else went out of my head, even the letter I held in my bosom, and when I should have thought of it I cannot say, but that some half hour after, I heard the voice of Mrs. Penn in the hall, speaking in covert tones.

It came to my memory then, fast enough. Was she going to steal out, as she had previously essayed to do? I sprang to the door and opened it about an inch. Lizzy stood there.

"How early you are home!" Mrs. Penn was saying.

"Thanks to Madam Hill!" grumbled Lizzy. "She wouldn't give me leave to go, unless I'd be in by seven: there were illness in the house, she said, and no knowing what might be wanted."

"Did you deliver the letter?" resumed Mrs. Penn, in the faintest possible whisper.

"Yes, ma'am," was the ready answer. "A young man came to the door, and I asked if Mr. Barley was at home, and he said, 'Yes, all alone,' so I gave him the note and he took it in."

"Thank you, Lizzy," answered Mrs. Penn, complacently, "and there's the five shillings I promised you."

"Many thanks, ma'am, all the same to you, but I'd rather not take it," was Lizzy's answer, to my excessive astonishment, and no doubt to Mrs. Penn's. "I'm well paid here, and I don't care to be rewarded for any little trifling service that's all in the way of the day's work."

They parted, Mrs. Penn gliding up the stairs again. But a startling doubt had come over me at Lizzy's words: could I have taken the wrong letter from the basket? I hastened back to the light and drew it from within my dress. No, it was all right: it was directed to Mr. Edwin Barley. What could Lizzy mean by saying she had delivered it?

CHAPTER XXX.

MRS. PENN'S LETTER.

The note ran as follows:

"I am overwhelmed with astonishment. I was coming round to give you notice of what I have discovered, but was prevented by Mrs. Chandos. *He is here!* I am as certain of it as that I am writing these words to you: and it sets clear the mystery of that closely guarded west wing, which has been truly a source of mystery to me. Anne Hereford went surreptitiously in there just now, and saw what she describes as a tall, emaciated object, reclining in an invalid chair, whose face bore a striking resemblance to that of Harry Chandos. There is no doubt that it is he, not the slightest in the world; you can therefore take immediate steps to have him arrested. I should like to know how long he has been concealed there, possibly for weeks. If we had but discovered it earlier! but who was to suspect so improbable a thing? C. D."

The contents of the letter frightened me. What mischief had I not caused by that incautious revelation to Mrs. Penn!—Mrs. Penn the treacherous—as she undoubtedly was.—"Take immediate steps to have him arrested." Who was he? what had he done? and how did it concern Mr. Edwin Barley? Surely I ought to acquaint Mr. Chandos, and show him the note without loss of time.

Whilst I deliberated, Hickens came in with the tea, and bearing a message brought down by Hill—that Mr. Chandos and Madame de Mellisie were taking it in the west wing. I swallowed my own and sent the things away again, debating whether I might venture on the unheard-of proceeding of sending to the west wing for Mr. Chandos.

Yes. It was a matter of necessity, and I ought to do it. I sought for Hill. Hill was in the west wing, waiting on the tea party. Should I send Hickens to knock at the west wing door, or go myself? Better go myself, instinct told me.

I ran lightly up the stairs. Peering out at the east wing door, listening and prying, was the head of Mrs. Penn.

"They have quite a soiree in the west wing to-night," she said to me, as I passed, "a family gathering: all of them at it, save Sir Thomas. Whither are you off to, so fast?"

"I have a message for the west wing," I

answered, as I brushed on, and knocked at the door.

Hill came, unfastened, and opened it; and looked desperately savage when she saw me.

"I am not come to intrude, Hill. Mr. Chandos is here, is he not?"

"What's that to anybody?" retorted Hill.

"He is wanted, that is all. Be so good as ask him to step down to the oak parlor."

Mrs. Penn had followed me and heard the colloquy. She seized hold of me as I was departing.

"Anne, who wants him?" she whispered. "Have any police come?"

"I want him," I boldly answered, the remembrance of her treachery giving the spur to my courage and indignation. "I have a message which I must deliver to him alone. Why should the police come? What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing," she laughed. "But, as they made a night invasion of the house once before, I did not know but they might have done it again. How tart you are this evening!"

She would have kept me longer, but I broke from her and ran down. Mr. Chandos entered the oak parlor immediately after me.

"Hill said I was wanted. Who is it, Anne? Do you know?"

"You must forgive me for having ventured to call you, Mr. Chandos. I have been the cause of some unhappy mischief, and how I shall make the confession to you I hardly know. But, made it must be, and there's no time to be lost."

"Sit down, and don't excite yourself," he exclaimed. "I daresay it is nothing very grand or great."

"When we were speaking, just now, of the gentleman I saw in the west wing, you warned me that his being there was a secret which I must take care not to betray."

"Well?" he said, staring at me.

"I ought to have told you then—but I had not the courage—that I had already betrayed it. In the surprise of the moment, as I left the west wing after seeing him, I mentioned it to Mrs. Penn. It was done thoughtlessly; not intentionally; and I am very sorry for it."

"I am sorry also," he said, after a pause. "Mrs. Penn?" he slowly continued, as if deliberating whether she were a safe person or not. "Well, it might possibly have been imparted to a worse."

"Oh, but you have not heard all," I feverishly returned. "I do not think it could have been imparted to a worse than Mrs. Penn; but I did not know it then. I believe, I believe, Mr. Chandos, that she is in league with Edwin Barley, working in treacherous concert with him, acting the spy for him here. That some one was, I felt sure, and I thought it was Lizzy, but I now know it is Mrs. Penn."

"How do you know it?" he interrupted.

"Stay a moment. As soon as I mentioned what I had seen in the west wing, she grew red and white by turns, betrayed, in fact, great emotion, muttering to herself 'that explained the mystery.' I said it must be Sir Thomas Chandos, but she replied that it was not Sir Thomas: and she ran to her room and put on her things and was going out, when Mrs. Chandos saw her and detained her. Then she wrote a pencilled note, and told Lizzy she would give her five shillings if she would convey it at once to Mr. Edwin Barley."

"Good heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Chandos, starting up in agitation. "Edwin Barley! What will be the consequence?"

"But the note did not go to him, Mr. Chandos. I got it from Lizzy."

"You!"

"She put her basket down after receiving the note into it, while she went to the kitchen for an umbrella. I took it out and hid it. Here it is."

He seized it and eagerly ran his eyes over it. How pale and perplexed his countenance was, I cannot well describe.

"The most curious part of the affair is, that when Lizzy came back she affirmed to Mrs. Penn that she had delivered the note." I resumed. "I cannot make that out."

The words troubled Mr. Chandos, and he sat thinking.

"Could Mrs. Penn have written two notes, think you, Anne?"

"I fear to think so: but it is not impossible. She may have forgotten something she wished to say, and, having sealed up the first, may have written a second."

"Yes. If not, the secret is confined to the house, and no mischief, as yet, is carried beyond it. And I must take care that it is not, for the next few hours. After that—"

He concluded his sentence in too low a tone to be heard; and rang for Hickens. The man came immediately.

"Hickens, will you lock the entrance doors of the house, back and front, and put the keys into your pocket. It is my pleasure that nobody passes out of it again to-night."

Hickens stared as if stupefied. It was the most extraordinary order ever given to him at Chandos. "Law, sir!" he uttered, "whatever for?"

"It is my pleasure, I say, Hickens," replied Mr. Chandos, in his quiet tone of command. "Lock the doors and keep the keys; and suffer no person to go out on any pretence whatsoever. No person that the house contains, you understand, myself excepted. Neither Mrs. Chandos nor Mrs. Penn; Miss Hereford—" turning to me with a half smile—"or the servants. Should any one present themselves at the door, and, finding it fast, ask to be let out, say you have my orders not to do it."

"Very well, sir," replied the amazed Hickens. "There's two of the maids out on an errand now, sir: are they to be let in?"

"Certainly. But take care that you fasten the door afterwards again. Go at once and do this; and then send Lizzy to me."

Away went Hickens. And, by and by, Lizzy appeared.

"Did you want me, sir?" she asked of Mr. Chandos.

"I do. Come in and shut the door, Lizzy my girl," he began, in a firm but kind tone, "you have been in the Chandos service for some years. You are well paid, well fed, well considered and taken care of. The least you can do, in return for this, is to be faithful and true to the Chandos' interests. Can you be so?"

Lizzy burst into tears, without any occasion, that I could see. "It's what I always have been, sir, and what I hope I shall be," she cried. "What have I done?"

"I require a little information from you, Lizzy, and I insist upon its being given. If you are true and faithful to us, you will do it readily."

The girl held her head down and kept on sobbing. It struck me that there must be some point, or points, she feared to be questioned on.

"Did Mrs. Penn give you a letter some two or three hours ago, to deliver to Mr. Edwin Barley, at the house he occupies?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply, spoken without hesitation or embarrassment. Apparently that was not Lizzy's sore point.

"Did you deliver it?"

Lizzy hesitated now, and Mr. Chandos repeated his question.

"Now, only to think that one can't meet with an accident without its being known all round as soon as done," she uttered. "If I had thought you'd had anything to do with the matter, master, I'd have told the truth when I came back; but I was afeared Mrs. Penn would be angry with me."

"Lizzy," said Mr. Chandos, "I shall be pleased to hear that the letter was *not* delivered. So tell the truth now."

"Where I could have lost it, master, I know no more than the dead. I know I put it safe in my basket; and though I did run, it couldn't have shook out, because the lid was shut down; but when I got to Mr. Barley's, and went to take it out, it was gone. Sleighted off right away, like that letter you lost from the hall-table, sir. What to do I didn't know, for I had give a good pull at their bell afore I found out the loss. But I had got another letter in my basket—"

"Another letter?" interrupted Mr. Chandos.

"Leastways, as good as a letter, sir. As luck would have it, when I was a running down the avenue, I met the young man from the draper's shop in the village, and he thrust a folded letter into my hands. 'For Lady Chandos, and mind you give it her,' says he, 'for its a list of our new fashions.' So, what should I do, sir, when I found the other was gone, but give in the fashions to Mr. Barley's young man. 'And mind you take it into your master without no delay,' says I, 'for its particular.' He'll wonder what they want sending him the fashions," concluded Lizzy.

"And you said nothing to Mrs. Penn of this?"

"Well, no sir, I didn't. I meant, when she found it out, to let her think I had give in the wrong letter by mistake. I don't suppose hers was of much consequence, for it was only writ in pencil. I didn't take the money she offered me, though; I thought that wouldn't be fair, as I had not done the service."

"And my command to you is, that you say nothing to her, Lizzy," said Mr. Chandos. "Let the matter rest as it is."

Lizzy went away in glee, better off than she had anticipated. Mr. Chandos sat in deep thought after she withdrew.

"This person is in our house under false colors," he observed. "She calls herself Mrs. Penn, but the note is signed 'C. D.' A female Jesuit! a spy for Edwin Barley! Anne, cast your thoughts back. Was there any woman in his house, at all answering to her description, at the time that tragedy was enacted?"

I looked up in wonderment.

"I mean when Philip King was killed. That she must have been in the house, knowing what she does of the details, I have often thought. I feel convinced of it now."

"No," said I, "I think not. No woman was there, but my aunt, and the servants, and Charlotte Delves."

"Stop a bit. Charlotte Delves. C. D. would stand for that name. Is Mrs. Penn Charlotte Delves?"

The truth flashed upon me; all that was obscure, that had puzzled me in the likeness I could not trace, became startling clear; Mrs. Penn was Charlotte Delves. She had grown stouter; she had grown older; the fashion of her dress was changed, and its materials were more rich; the style of wearing her hair was altered, throwing me altogether completely off the scent: but I could trace her features now to be those of the Charlotte Delves of my memory.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ At the sea-shore they say, "How hot they must be in the city." In the city, when the wind is east they say, "how cold they must be at the sea-shore." The fancied misery of others constitutes a source of hap, piness.

☞ In attempting to convert a sinner from the error of his way, one should be as careful as though he were endeavoring to revive a rapidly expiring fire. Not to trundle in a scuttleful of dogmas all at once, so that the faint spark which gives indications of spiritual life is so overwhelmed by the mass, that it can with difficulty force its way through it, or perhaps is smothered entirely; but drop a truth here, and a maxim there, always striving to keep the spark alive. Fan it; do not blow it out.

☞ If June has its foliage, January has it fire-side, and each is welcome for its beautiful gift.

☞ A LADY'S SMILE.—The authoress of "Loving and being loved" compares a man to a silk umbrella in these quaint terms:—"A good man is like a strong silken umbrella—trustworthy, and a shelter when the storms of life pour down upon us. A mere walking stick when the sun shines—a friend in misfortune."

☞ One of the trees planted by the Prince of Wales in the Central Park, is dead; it was an English oak. The other is green and flourishing.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

[As one of the noticeable signs of the times, we quote the following leading editorial, under the above head, from the last number of *Harper's Weekly*, which has always been one of the most conservative papers on the slavery question, in the Northern States:]

On Saturday, 31st of August, Major-General Fremont, commanding at St. Louis, Missouri, issued a proclamation placing the whole State of Missouri under martial law, and further stating:

"All persons who shall be taken with arms in their hands within these lines, shall be tried by court-martial, and if found guilty, will be shot. The property, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri who shall take up arms against the United States, and who shall be directly proven to have taken active part with their enemies in the field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use, *and their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared free.*"

It has been stated by some of the papers that in thus pronouncing the emancipation of the slaves of rebels, General Fremont was only carrying out the act known as the Confiscating Act passed by Congress at the extra session. An examination of that act will, however, show that its provisions do not warrant the step taken by the General. The only section in which any reference is made to slaves, is the following:

SEC. 4. And be it further enacted, That whenever hereafter, during the present insurrection against the Government of the United States, any person claimed to be held to labor or service under the law of any State, shall be required or permitted by the person to whom such labor or service is claimed to be due, or by the lawful agent of such person, to take up arms against the United States, or shall be required or permitted by the person to whom such labor or service is claimed to be due, or his lawful agent, to work or to be employed in or upon any fort, navy-yard, dock, armory, ship, intrenchment, or in any military or naval service whatsoever, against the Government and lawful authority of the United States, then, and in every such case, the person to whom such labor or service is claimed to be due, shall forfeit his claim to such labor, any law of the State or of the United States to the contrary notwithstanding. And whenever thereafter the person claiming such labor or service shall seek to enforce his claim, it shall be a full and sufficient answer to such claim, that the person whose service or labor is claimed had been employed in hostile service against the Government of the United States, contrary to the provisions of this act.

It thus appears that the only slaves who can be forfeited under this Act are those who have been "employed in hostile service against the United States Government;" whereas Major-General Fremont's proclamation grants freedom to the slaves of every rebel, whether they have been employed in military service or not. The General, therefore, has evidently based his action, not upon the law of Congress, but upon something else.

That something else is THE WAR POWER, which is inherent in the Government, and is exercised by its delegated officers commanding the forces of the United States. What the nature of this war power is, and what it may do with slavery, may be gathered from the following extract from a speech delivered by Ex-President John Q. Adams, in the House of Representatives, on April 14, 1842:

When your country is actually in war, whether it be a war of invasion or a war of insurrection, Congress has power to carry on the war, and must carry it on according to the laws of war, and by the laws of war an invaded country has all its laws and municipal institutions swept by the board, and martial law takes the place of them. This power in Congress has perhaps never been called into exercise under the present Constitution of the United States. But when the laws of war are in force, what, I ask, is one of those laws? It is this, that when a country is invaded, and two hostile armies are set in martial array, the commanders of both armies have power to emancipate all the slaves in the invaded territory. Nor is this a mere theoretic statement. The history of South America shows that the doctrine has been carried into execution within the last thirty years. Slavery was abolished in Columbia, first by the Spanish General Morillo, and secondly by the American General Bolivar. It was abolished by virtue of a military command given at the head of the army, and its abolition continues to be the law to this day. It was abolished by the laws of war, and not by municipal enactments.

I might furnish a thousand proofs to show that the pretensions of gentlemen to the sanctity of their municipal institutions, under a state of actual invasion and of actual war, whether servile, civil, or foreign, are wholly unfounded, and that the law of war do, in all such cases, take the precedence. I lay this down as the law of nations. I say that the military authority takes, for the time, the place of all municipal institutions, slavery among the rest. Under that state of things, so far from its being true that the states where slavery exists have the exclusive management of the subject, not only the President of the United States, but the commander of the army, has power to order the universal emancipation of the slaves.

John Quincy Adams thus held that, whenever a war grew out of slavery, martial law might be proclaimed in any part of the Union, and that such proclamation "swept by the board" all municipal and local laws establishing or recognizing slavery. It may seem superfluous to quote authorities in support of the assertions of so sound a jurist as Mr. Adams. We may mention, however, that he merely repeats, in the speech above quoted, the views of the recognized expounders of the common law. Sir Matthew Hale (Hist. C. L. c. 2), says that "martial law is built upon no settled principles, but is entirely arbitrary in its decisions; it is in truth and reality no law, but something rather indulged than allowed as a law." Blackstone quotes this passage (Comm., I. 413) and emphatically approves it; adding that in time of war court-martials have "almost an absolute legislative power." Modern jurists confirm these views, and admit that in actual warfare the powers of the general commanding are dictatorial.

We run no risk, therefore, in stating that, in describing the emancipation of the slaves owned by rebels in the state of Missouri, General Fremont has neither, on the one hand, relied upon the recent Act of Congress relating to confiscation, nor, on the other, exceeded the proper limits of his authority as general commanding. Under his proclamation of martial law, all state and municipal laws were at once suspended, and he, as commanding general, was practically invested with dictatorial powers over persons and property, for the just use of which powers he tacitly undertook to render account when martial law ceased to exist in his Department.

The direct consequences of his decree, so far as slavery in Missouri is concerned, cannot be of much importance. Missouri does not contain 125,000 slaves, and of these considerably more than one half are believed to be held by loyal men. Moreover, under the terms of Fremont's proclamation, no slave can be emancipated until it is proved that his owner has been actually in arms, or laboring actively in aid of those who are in arms against the Government; a large number of slaves may thus be defrauded of emancipation through the want of evidence to establish the treason of their masters. It is doubtful whether 25,000 human beings will exchange slavery for freedom under the proclamation of General Fremont.

But its moral effect must be signal. It is a solemn warning to the inhabitants of the rebel states, that wherever the armies of the United tates are resisted in the interests of slavery, the cause of the resistance will be removed. It is a pregnant hint that the rebels who have falsely accused us of being abolitionists, may, if they choose, make their accusation true. It is a notification to Kentucky, which seems to be on the eve of explosion, that open treason will necessarily involve the extirpation of slavery. This rebellion has more than once recalled the old adage, "Those whom the gods wish to destroy they first render mad;" we shall now see how far the madness extends. The cost of rebellion is abolition. Those who choose may purchase.

Another important result of General Fremont's proclamation has been the discovery of the fact that the people of the North are much more solidly united on the question of slavery than was imagined. It had been generally supposed that the first utterance of the cry of emancipation would divide the North into two hostile camps. How this strange delusion came to be entertained it is difficult to discover; the least reflection should have satisfied every one that it was impossible to build up at the North a party based on protection to slavery any where. But, however the notion originated, there is no doubt it did exist, and that leading men and journals in the confidence of the Administration were so thoroughly imbued with it, that they indignantly repudiated the imputation of being friendly to freedom under any circumstances. It seems, from the temper in which the public receive General Fremont's proclamation, that they are not so tender on the subject. They seem very well satisfied with the prospect. We hear no complaints, no lamentations over the downfall of slavery in Missouri. The respectable Democrats of this part of the country express themselves rather pleased than otherwise. Of course, it must be expected that the lottery-policy dealers and the profligate vagabonds who pretend to represent the Democracy in convention, will testify their sorrow at the event, as they will do at every success of the National arms: but neither in this nor in any other particular do they express the sense of the rank and file of the Democracy.

What people want now is decided, startling, effective successes on the part of the United States. If these are achieved, no one will complain of what they may cost. Our Generals may emancipate every slave in the country, and lay waste every field from the Potomac to the Rio Grande—the people will sustain them, provided they crush out the enemy and restore the supremacy of the Government. *But there will be no mercy for the General who, for fear of breaking a law or dividing a party, suffers the rebels to progress from victory to victory, and the Stars and Stripes to endure defeat after defeat, and disgrace after disgrace.*

☞ A gentleman having presented his church with the "Ten Commandments," it was wittily said that he gave them away because he could not keep them.

☞ The practical use of the hoop:

"Pray hear me, dear mother, what I have been taught,
Nine men and nine women upset in a boat;
The men were all drowned, but the women did float,
And by the help of their hoops were all safely got out."

☞ NOT PARTICULAR TO A SHADE.—In a Boston paper, a young widow lady advertises that she is desirous to meet with an affectionate and good-tempered partner that can offer her a comfortable home. A gentleman of color not objected to, from forty-five to fifty years of age.

☞ A Gascon happened to be at Paris, in the Rue Notre Dame, close to a citizen, to whom he boasted of the goodness of his eyesight. "Zounds!" said he to him, "from this very place I see a mouse running at the top of that tower." "I do not see it," said the citizen, "but I fear it trot!"

☞ A fop, just returned from a continental tour, was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii. "Not very well," was the reply; "they are so dreadfully out of repair."

☞ The Levant Herald states that the new Sultan of Turkey is a rigid teetotaler, and does not even smoke, and that he is a good farmer, angler, shot and pianist.

☞ AN APT SCHOLAR.—We have a boy home about three years old, who, by the way, is a regular "shaver" in his talk. One day we were trying to teach him his alphabet, and asked him what "B" stood for? "George," was his prompt answer. "No," we replied; "it stands for boy." "Well, ain't George a boy?" he saked, triumphantly.

☞ The Pension Bureau has already commenced pensioning the soldiers wounded during the present war.

NEWS ITEMS.

BITTEN BY A SAVAGE HORSE.—At Cincinnati, on Sunday forenoon, a little boy, five years old, son of Mr. Joseph Pancoast, was bitten in the cheek by a savage horse attached to a butcher's wagon, and the beast did not let go his hold until a piece of flesh as large as a dollar was torn out, actually leaving bare the jaw and teeth. The animal swallowed the human morsel, while the poor boy fell fainting to the ground.

RUNAWAY NEGROES IN MISSOURI.—The St. Louis Democrat of Saturday says: Slaves appear to be a very slippery kind of property in Missouri lately. Their recent flights from some of the troubled counties of the state have amounted almost to a stampede. In very many instances the runaways have found themselves very acceptable as cooks and servants in some of the many military encampments in the neighborhood.

THE COLORS OF THE SEVENTY-NINTH RESTORED.—General McClellan, on Tuesday, restored to the New York Seventy-Ninth their forfeited colors. The Scotchmen received them with enthusiasm, and with oaths of fidelity. They gave three times three and a tiger to Secretary Cameron. There were few dry eyes in the regiment. After the war, the Secretary pledged, for the whole length of his life, his roof and purse to every man in the regiment who had been commanded by his brother, and had witnessed his death.

THE report that the Mississippi Tiger Regiment, opposite Leesburg, Va., have mutinied, is believed by the government.

DURABILITY OF WOOD.—The advocates of wood for water-pipes and the like, have their position strengthened by a statement in the Auburn Daily Advertiser. The dam of a mill near that city, which was constructed in 1797, has just been removed, and the timbers which were laid in the mud and not exposed to the air, were in a remarkable state of preservation. Some of them were as sound as when cut from the forest. They had been cut 64 years.

THE Government has received from Iowa the splendid offer of a volunteer regiment of cavalry, each member of which guarantees to provide his own horse and equipments. They will be accepted without delay.

REBEL PIGEON EXPRESSES.—The New York Leader reports the arrest of agents of the rebels in New York, and the discovery of a carrier-pigeon communication from the suburbs of that city with Richmond. A pigeon was shot by a rifleman, and under the bird's wing was an important dispatch on its way south. A shed somewhere on Long Island was used as a starting point for the pigeons. (Doubtful.)

BURNING OF THE PENSACOLA DRY DOCK.—MOBILE, Sept. 4.—The immense floating dry dock, stationed for some months past in the channel between Fort Barrancas and Fort Pickens, was totally consumed yesterday morning. It was not known here whether it was set on fire by the enemy or by our own troops.

THEY caught a female burglar in New York city one night last week. Women have hitherto contented themselves with breaking men's hearts and stealing their affections; when they begin to break men's door-locks, and abstract their reserved funds, the thing assumes a more serious aspect.

JEFF. DAVIS.—The Richmond Examiner of the 9th, says: "President Davis has so far recovered from his recent severe illness, as to be able to take an airing on Saturday, in his carriage."

THE Nashville Union and American congratulates the Confederate States upon the election of General Albert Sydney Johnson to the command of the Western Division of the Confederate army. Where's Bishop Polk?

BOGUS POSTAGE STAMPS.—It has been discovered that large numbers of bogus postage stamps and envelopes have been manufactured, and offered at various rural post offices in exchange for the new issue of the Government. No less than 800 of this trash were presented to a postmaster in Connecticut, recently. Who the forgers are is not yet known.

MCCULLOUGH'S ARMY AT WILSON'S CREEK.—In his official report of the battle of Wilson's Creek, McCullough says: "My effective force was five thousand three hundred infantry, fifteen pieces of artillery, and six thousand horsemen, armed with flint-lock muskets, rifles and shot-guns." This reckoning, however, does not include Gen. Price's Missourians, supposed to number about 6,000, making the rebel force 17,300, besides the number required to manage the fifteen pieces of artillery.

LONGEST TELEGRAPH LINE IN THE WORLD.—In London, on the 28th ult., telegraphic communication was commenced with the station at Taganrog, on the Sea of Azoff. This telegraph line is twenty-five hundred miles long, and the experiment was quite successful, the clerks at each end conversing with each other upon the state of the weather.

MRS. E. BLANCHARD, of Cambridge, N. H., was lately caught in a bear-trap, while blueberrying, set by her husband to catch a bear that was troubling him.

AT the artillery grounds near Berlin, experiments have been lately made with a new species of gunpowder, of a yellow color, which, while it produces a greater effect with the same quantity than any other powder, has the valuable property of not fouling the barrel, even after numerous discharges.

GEN. CASS ON THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.—Gen. Cass, in a recent conversation with President Fairchild, of Hillsdale College, Michigan, said that though he had always been heretofore opposed to abolition, yet this war now the only way to successfully and permanently end the contest. Without abolition, if we had peace to-day we should have war to-morrow. This is saying considerable for one who has always been so conservative as the great Michigan statesman.

TWO of the nominees on the New York State Democratic ticket have declined—Lyman Tremaine, the candidate for Attorney General, and Dr. Brouck, the nominee for State Treasurer. Both are loyal, and cannot stand on a half-and-half platform.

ALL IN A NUT-SHELL.—The Cincinnati Commercial says: "The men from whom we have heard the loudest praises of the Fremont proclamation are Democrats and Kentuckians. They say it is all right. It don't free anybody's negroes but those of traitors, and are we to suppose that a general is to take care of an enemy's negroes for him?" The fact is that there are certain Northern flunkeys who need to be emancipated from their life-time subservience to slaveholders, more than the slaves themselves.

CHARLES H. FOSTER, claiming to be a loyal member of Congress, elected from North Carolina, recently called on President Lincoln, and tendered to him a full brigade of loyalists from that State. Col. Hawkins has already formed the nucleus in 200 men, whom he has mustered into service.

THE PROPOSED EXPEDITION DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.—The Cincinnati Enquirer has received information from St. Louis, that the Government is building four propellers and forty flats of solid timber, each sixty feet long and twenty-five feet wide, to be used in the contemplated Southern expedition down the Mississippi to New Orleans.

THE line of batteries at Acquia Creek is said to extend about six miles. They appear to be in good condition. One of their rifled guns, a few days ago, threw a shell across the Potomac, which is about 4 miles wide. As near as can be ascertained at least 15,000 rebel troops are in that vicinity.

Of the 63 prisoners confined at Fort Lafayette, every one, save three, has been found to have been guilty of the treason for which he was arrested.

OVER a million dollars of the new Treasury notes have been sent to St. Louis and Cincinnati, to be expended for army account. The regular daily grist of the Treasury mill is $300,000. The mere labor of clipping the notes occupies over 100 clerks from 9 o'clock in the morning till 11 o'clock at night.

EMPLOYING NEGROES BY THE CONFEDERATES.—Upwards of one thousand negroes, armed with spades and pickaxes, have passed through the city within the past few days. Their destination is unknown, but it is supposed that they are on their way to the "other side of Jordan."—*Memphis (Tenn.) Avalanche of the 7th.*

ADVICES from Utah report fifteen hundred Government troops now *en route* from that point to the North.

THE new rebel railway from Harper's Ferry to Strasburg and Winchester, is said to be making rapid progress, the force at work upon the same being very heavy. Report says that by this route the Confederates will throw their troops into Maryland.

THE KNOXVILLE (Tenn.) Whig, of the 7th, contains a card from Parson Brownlow, wherein he states that he will not be a party to any mad scheme of rebellion; that all who do so must suffer ruin, but that he yields his extreme position through necessity, and confesses that he has not the courage to meet unarmed eleven states armed.

SIXTY-EIGHT rebels were killed and a large number wounded by a recent attack of the gunboats on a camp below Cairo. Only two U. S. troops were wounded.

THERE is probably no truth in the report that the privateer Sumter has been wrecked.

A DEED of manumission for two slaves of a rebel has been signed by Major-General Fremont, thus enforcing his proclamation. A ridiculous report was recently started in New York, that Fremont had been superseded. Of course it was arrant nonsense.

COTTON IN ENGLAND.—The government is in receipt of valuable information by the last steamer, relating to the present stock of cotton in the English warehouses, and the prospect of a supply from other sources than the rebel states. This information leaves no room to doubt that the Manchester mills will be able to run on full time for an entire year, even without touching one pound of the new crop.

THE REBEL ARMY AT MANASSAS.—From a letter dated "Camp Pickens, near Manassas, Aug. 21st," and published in the Natchez Courier, we take the annexed extract:

"It is said that nearly 200,000 Confederate troops sleep within twenty miles of this location. I believe this to be somewhat of a exaggeration, but our name is legion, certainly. Rations for 180,000 men, it is said, are daily issued from this point. At any rate, we have the greatest army ever yet assembled on the continent, and nothing but the want of proper discipline for onward movements.

HE GAVE ALL.—The will of the late Gen. Lyon gives all his property, worth some $30,000, to the government. Can we hear of another instance of this devotion to country which yields up life, and everything that makes it desirable, to the support of our country and its institutions?

☞ There are three kinds of men, says Prentice, live ones, dead ones, and such fellows as John C. Breckinridge and Humphrey Marshall.

☞ RECIPE FOR A QUARREL WITH A WIFE.—Wait until she is at her toilet preparatory to going out. She will be sure to ask you if her bonnet is straight. Remark that the lives of nine-tenths of the women are passed in thinking whether their bonnets are straight, and wind up the remark with, you never knew but one who had any common sense about her. Wife will ask you who that was. You, with a sigh, reply, "Ah! you never mind." Wife will ask you why you did not marry her, then. You say, abstractedly, "Ah! why, indeed?" The climax is reached by this time, and a regular row is sure to follow.

☞ A vender of hoop skirts was recently extolling his wares in presence of a customer's husband. "No lady should be without one of these skirts," said the storekeeper. "Well, of course not," dryly responded the husband, who was something of a wag; "she should be *within it.*"

☞ A truly rural young lady of Burlington, N. J., is about to publish a work on "The Rise, Growth, Culture, and Progress of the Hen, as an Element of Civilization."

☞ Whatever the Southerners may think about Bull Run, they have no doubt discovered that "the battle is to the"—*fleet.*—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ The commander of the wrecked privateer Jeff. Davis, states that he cruized several weeks in hope of capturing the Rebecca, Lieut. J. G. Bennett's vessel. It appears, however, that "Becky" was too "sharp" for him.

☞ Friendship, it must be confessed, is of a far more cannibalistic turn than enmity. Men are merely bitten by their enemies, but they are eaten up by their friends.

☞ Popularity in politics, is to see your name in large type, posted on a fence. Somebody will inquire who you are, and when the first rains come you will disappear.

☞ STRANGE ANOMALY.—It is somewhat curious that although the wealthy classes like to live in first-class hotels, we find in the cheapest boarding houses the greatest collection of big bugs.

☞ We have published several anecdotes of Chancellor Bibb, of Kentucky, and add this to the number: In a conversation about St. Paul, raising himself up and standing before the person addressed as was his habit when excited, he said, "St. Paul was a giant, sir! It took a stroke of lightning to make him understand, but when he did understand he talked like thunder!"

☞ A six year older, going into the village without leave, was shouted after by one of the masters, who inquired where he was going. "I am going to buy a ha'porth of nails, sir." "What for?" "For a ha'penny, sir," was the reply.

☞ A WONDER.—Algiers is the only place where a Dey lasts longer than twenty-four hours.

☞ It is common to regard milk as little more than mere drink. But this is an error. Milk is really an article of solid food, being coagulated soon after reaching the stomach. New milk contains thirteen per cent. of digestible solids, and skimmed milk ten per cent., the former fully one-half, and the latter above a third of the nutriment contained in the lean part of beef and mutton.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE troops are now gratified by the prompt payment of their dues, a considerable portion of which is sent to their families in the shape of Treasury Notes. The September payment of the troops has already been made in full.

KENTUCKY.—The following is the official vote cast at the August election for State Treasurer in Kentucky:

J. H. Garrard, Union,	83,151
Two secession candidates,	16,000
Union majority,	67,146

In the face of this the secessionists are again clamorous for the "sentiments" of the people.

VERMONT.—The vote for Governor of Vermont at the recent election will foot up about as follows:

Holbrook, Rep. and Union,	40,000
Tracy, Union and Rep.,	2,000
Smalley, Dem.,	3,000

COTTON FOR PENNSYLVANIA.—Dr. J. C. Reinhardt, a native of Pennsylvania, but for the last ten or twelve years a resident of Brazil, has sent to Joseph Windolph, of Marietta, this State, two kinds of cotton which he is certain can be cultivated in Pennsylvania.—One is Nankin, or yellow cotton, and the other white. Doctor Reinhardt thinks the frost, until the 20th of October, will not hurt it.

LANDER'S BRIGADE.—A portion of Gen. Lander's brigade is to be armed with double-barrelled rifles, weighing forty-two pounds, and which, it is said, will carry three-quarters of a mile.

UNITED STATES CAMP IN KENTUCKY.—There is a U. S. camp at Hoskin's Cross Roads, Ky., the men—five or six thousand in number—being, it is said, mainly loyal Kentuckians and Tennesseans.

A DESPATCH to the Nashville Gazette says: Parson Brownlow and his son have been arrested at Knoxville, by a secession officer.—A Nashville gentleman informs us that the ostensible charge is for circulating the Helper Book.

The Richmond papers of the 5th contain what purports to be a reliable estimate of the Federal forces in and around Washington.—The total is put down at 112,000.

THE reported panic along the Southern seaboard, in consequence of the Hatteras affair, is confirmed. The shell thrown into the powder magazine of the Hatteras fort, has put the whole South in a flurry, and a desperate effort is being made to strengthen the forts still retained. This can be done only by weakening the army in Virginia.

THE U. S. Government has closed a contract with one Eastern firm for the manufacture of 10,000 sabres. The contractors are manufacturers of machinery, and their machinery is all adapted for making this new implement, thus reversing the order, they will beat their pruning hooks into swords.

THE Prince de Joinville is a passenger on board the Cunard steamer Africa. The Prince is accompanied by his son, whom he designs placing in the U. S. Naval School, at Newport, Rhode Island, permission for which has been granted by the American Government.

SPIRITUALISM.—A lady of Columbus inquired of the spirit-rappers how many children she had. "Four," replied the spirit.—The husband startled at the accuracy of the reply, stepped up and inquired, "How many children have I?" "Two," answered the rapping medium. The husband and wife looked at each other with an odd smile for a moment, and then retired non-believers.

ARMY SUPPLIES.—Hon. George A. Shaw, Inspector General of Army Supplies made in New England, says that there are now 70 mills engaged in manufacturing cloth for the Government, and that the amount of goods ordered is about $30,000,000.

IN one of the companies now being raised in Cincinnati, for Fremont's command, there is an old man who witnessed the burning of Moscow. He has also three nephews in the company. The captain at first refused to take the veteran, but he insisted on going to "teach his nephews how to fight." He says he can stand fire as well as any young man in the regiment.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR OILCLOTH.—An ingenious inventor in England has discovered a substitute for the oilcloth which is so much used for halls, passages, &c. It is composed of an intimate mixture of cork and thin rubber. Up to a recent time this mixture has been known by the name of "Kamptulicon," but, acting on a hint thrown out in a recent number of the Cornhill Magazine, the manufacturer, Mr. Treloar, has adopted the more expressive, although less fine, designation of cork flooring. It is made of different thickness, from one-eighth, or even thinner, to a quarter of an inch thick, and is beautifully soft to the foot.

A CUTE IDEA FOR A CONTRABAND.—One of the Pike county boys over at Louisiana found an old darkey in the woods who had heard that secession property was to be confiscated, and therefore commenced by executing the order upon himself. He surrendered to the invader, and gave a history of himself, concluding by saying: "Gorry! massa, I'll brack your boots, brush your close, bring your water,—do anything you want me, if you'll only confisticate de ole woman." We didn't hear whether Pike county acted upon the suggestion or not.—*Ill. State Journal.*

GEN. BLENKER now commands a division at Washington already comprising seven German regiments. The Germans are coming up to the scratch splendidly—and they are first-rate troops.

H. P. BENNETT (Republican) is elected delegate from Colorado Territory by at least 300 majority. Four companies of infantry, and one of cavalry, raised in the Territory, are now at the seat of war. Others are forming.

A REVIEW of all the troops this side of the Potomac will soon be held by Gen. McClellan in Washington. Display, of course, is not his object. He wisely wishes to show his men their number, and enable them to fully realize their power.

THERE is some difficulty about the new postage stamps, particularly among the country Postmasters. It should be distinctly understood that the old stamps are good at every post-office until the new ones are furnished to the Postmaster. The new issue is unavoidably delayed. The *ruled* envelopes will before long be furnished.

DEAR FOR HER WHISTLE.—The rage in Paris is for golden collars, in form and size like the present tiny appendages to a lady's toilette, of linen or needlework. They are only about $250 each.

TRAITOR BARRON, the surrenderer of Hatteras, is son of Commodore Barron, who struck the flag of the Chesapeake to the Leopard. Surrendering seems to *run* in the family.

ENGLISH CROPS.—An English paper says: "The disastrous continuance of wet weather is filling the minds of the farmers with gloom and disappointment. It is impossible to estimate the loss inflicted by each day's rain. Every symptom of a change is welcomed with eager anxiety, for the fate of our harvest this year is trembling in the balance, but the splendid promise of the early season is not to be fulfilled."

A MAN called at a jewelry shop in Greenfield, last week, for a watch which he had left there, twelve years ago, to be repaired. The watch was done.

MCCLELLAN AND HIS MEN.—At a recent visit to one of the camps on the Virginia side of the Potomac, the troops desired to shake hands with Gen. McClellan, and the General, desiring to become acquainted with his men, and to have them know him, gratified them, and the liveliest scenes were enacted. The President, Cabinet, Governors, and even the ladies, were lost sight of. Gen. McClellan never took an officer by the hand at the expense of a private. He talked little, bowed to each man, and looked him straight in the eyes. Each man had something cheering to say to the General. One man said, "General, we are anxious to wipe out Bull Run; hope you will allow us to do it soon." "Very soon, if the enemy does not run," was the prompt response.

At last Captain Barker, of the Chicago cavalry corps, composing the escort, appealed to the troops not to crowd the General too hard, or shake his hand too much, as before he slept he had a long way to travel, and much writing to do with the hand they were shaking. He promised if they would fall back that the General would say a few words to them. They instantly complied, when the General, removing his hat, spoke as follows:

"Soldiers—We have had our last retreat. We have seen our last defeat. You stand by me, and I will stand by you, and henceforth victory will crown our efforts."

A soldier's speech that—short and to the point.

FROM EUROPE.—Lord Palmerston, in a speech on English defences, alluded to the battle of Bull Run as an evidence of the powerlessness of men, individually brave but imperfectly drilled, against an organized enemy. The London Times continues to croak against the American loan and American prospects; thinks the South cannot be subjugated, the North cannot spare the money, etc., and wants a compromise, poor soul, all on account of cotton. It is stated that leading houses in Liverpool have purchased 15,000 bales of India cotton for shipment to New York. A terrible accident on an English railway caused the death of twenty-three persons, and the wounding of many others. The government of India continues to publish reports from all parts of the country relative to its cotton producing qualities, which are represented to be equal to all wants, provided that a steady demand and good roads are established. Dr. Russell's latest letter to the London Times says that the issue in America is rapidly narrowing between slavery and anti-slavery. He thinks that the President will soon declare all the slaves within the limits of the United States army free.

GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S WAR PREPARATIONS.—We learn from a private source worthy of credence, that Gen. McClellan, upon last Tuesday morning, had fifty-six batteries of artillery, of six guns each, of various calibre, and about one hundred and fifty thousand men at and near Washington, and that this army will be increased to at least two hundred thousand men before the end of the present week. The organization and drill of these troops are going forward with industry and care, and the degree of discipline already apparent in every company, regiment and brigade, is in the highest degree creditable to the officers and men, and promises great effectiveness in any future operations that may be undertaken against the enemy.—The movements of troops, and everything connected with the army preparations, are carefully kept from public knowledge, but the facts above given—to state which can do no harm now, but will gratify public interest—may be relied upon, coming, as they do, from one who knows whereof he speaks.—*Chicago Journal.*

UNION TICKET IN NEW YORK.—The following ticket has been nominated by the People's Convention in New York state.

Attorney-General—Daniel S. Dickinson.
Secretary of State—Horatio Ballard.
Controller—Lucius Robinson.
Treasurer—W. B. Lewis.
Canal Commissioners—F. A. Alberger, F. A. Tallmadge.
Prison Inspector—A. B. Tappen.
State Engineer—W. B. Taylor.
Court of Appeals—W. B. Wright.

Of the above, four have heretofore acted with the Democrats, four with the Republicans, and one with the Old Line Whigs or Americans. It is a ticket which combines a great deal of ability and worth. After nominating the ticket, the People's Convention adjourned.

The Republican Convention afterwards adopted the same ticket, with the exception of substituting B. F. Bruce for F. A. Tallmadge for Canal Commissioner.

PICKET SHOOTING.—The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune says:—

"The pickets exchange shots every day. The boys like it. It is a diversion from the dull routine of military life. I can see from my frequent visits to the lines, that this picket skirmishing is educating the men to be cool. Formerly the appearance of a rebel near our pickets was sufficient to set their blood at a higher temperature; but now, what's all along the line creates no alarm—they wait for the long roll. How quickly they tumble out of camp into line then! Yet that is such an old story now, and requires so little comment upon the instant, there is no fever, no heating of the blood, setting muscles, nerves, tendons, and all the machinery of the body into high speed. In a short time they will be as collected as old soldiers who have been under fire."

WOULD NOT BE LEFT A WIDOW.—A man in La Crosse, Wisconsin, a few days ago, rushed to the river, swearing that he would drown himself. When he had waded into the depth of his waist, his wife seized him by the hair, and then, as a local editor describes it, she "led him back till they found a place where the water was about two feet deep, where she pulled him over backwards, soused him under, and pulled his head up again. 'Drown yourself—drown he would, leave me to bear the brats!'—(another plunge)—get drunk!—(another souse)—and start for the river!—(another dip)—I'll larn ye to leave me a widow, and all the rare in the war!' After sozzling him to her heart's content, she led him into the house and closed the door."

SOUTHERN NEWS FROM ST. LOUIS.—The Memphis Appeal of the 1st has the subjoined: We are permitted by a friend to make the following extract from a private letter of a recent date: "Gen. Fremont is moving heaven and earth. Troops are pouring into the city from all directions, and the calculation is that there will be from fifty to one hundred thousand troops here in ten days. Fremont has had fifty heavy guns sent here from Pittsburg at a cost of five hundred dollars each for transportation, and is doing all things on the same scale. He is building a very extensive barracks back of the Fair Grounds. I should think at least six or seven hundred carpenters were at work on it. *You may rest assured that the Union troops will fight us.*" Indeed!

A GENTLEMAN of New York has invented a sawing machine which cuts the wood with any desired curvature or bevel. It differs from the common saw in that the saw is held in a frame which has a lateral and also a tilting movement.

LOVE AND PATRIOTISM.—A young gentleman in Indiana, being both engaged to be married and enlisted in a rifle company, chose to forego the latter duty, which, coming to the ears of the expectant bride an hour before the time fixed for the wedding, provoked the following note:—

"SIR:—I am constrained to say that, while as a wife I should have mourned your absence on the battle field, I am no less pained at your want of manhood in backing out. I am apprehensive that after enlisting in my company you might serve me the same way. The bearer will deliver you your notes and sundry presents. For your kindness to me I am deeply grateful, and trust you will always esteem me as your friend. I can be nothing more." J.

PATTI is giving concerts in England at a salary of £1,000 a month—$60,000 per annum!

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been very little animation during the past week. Some 8,000 bbls only were disposed of, mostly for shipment, at $4,50@4,75 for standard and good superfine; straight City mills is held higher, at $4,75@5 for extra, and $5@5,75 for extra family—the latter for fancy lots, and 500 barrels middlings at $2,87½@3 ₱ bbl. The sales to the home trade have been to a moderate extent, within the above range of prices, for superfine, extra and extra family, and $4,50@4,75 ₱ bbl for fancy brands as to quality and freshness. Rye Flour is dull, and selling in a small way at $2,75@3 per bbl, the latter for better brands. Corn Meal continues scarce, and the inquiry for it is limited. Penna. Meal is quoted at $2,81¼ ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The market has been fairly supplied with Wheat, about 10,000 bushels were taken at $1,10@1,12 for good and prime Western and Pennsylvania reds; $1,13@1,14 for choice do; $1,10 to $1,15 for common to prime Southern do; and $1,20@1,25 for white—the latter for prime Kentucky in store. Rye is arriving and selling in lots as wanted at 70@75c for new Southern and Pennsylvania; 80c for old. Corn comes in slowly, with sales of 20,000 bushels to note at 54½@56c for yellow, in store and afloat—chiefly at 55c for prime; and 56@57c for white. Oats have been taken freely at fully former rates, the week's sales reaching about 50,000 bushels, at 29c@30 for new Southern, as to quality, mostly at the latter rate for prime lots afloat; 31c for old do; 30c for new Pennsylvania, and 32c for old do afloat.

PROVISIONS continue dull and neglected, and prices are nominally unchanged, with a small business only to notice in barrelled meats at about $10 for Mess Pork, $12@13 for Mess Beef, the latter for city packed. Of Bacon the sales are confined to hams, which sell slowly at 8@9½c, the latter for Sugar cured. A contract for sides was made at 6½c for 100 lbs. In lard Green Meats are not inquired for and quotations are altogether nominal. Lard is very quiet at 9 (@9½c for tcs and bbls, and 10@10½c for prime Western in kegs, cash and time. Butter continues dull and neglected at 8@9c for packed, 6@7c for inactive at 6@7c. Eggs sell more freely at 11c ₱ doz.

COTTON—There is very little doing in this staple, and the demand is limited. About 300 bales have been disposed of in small lots at from 18 to 20c, cash and time, for ordinary to fine, the latter for middling fair gulfs.

ASHES are dull, with small sales at about previous rates.

BARK comes in slowly, and meets with a steady demand at fully former rates; about 150 hhds 1st No 1 Quercitron sold at $27@28, closing at the latter rate, including some of a better brand at $29 ₱ ton. Of Tanners' Bark sales are making at $16@16½ for Spanish, and $9 per cord for Chestnut Oak.

BEESWAX continues scarce and in request, and small sales are reported at 31@32c ₱ lb.

COAL—There is a steady demand for Anthracite at previous quotations; for home use the sales are moderate and prices the same. Bituminous Coal is quiet.

COPPER is firm, and the only sale we hear of is 30,000 lbs. ingot at 30c@31c ₱ lb.

COFFEE—The market is firmer; the want of stock limiting operation to some 3000 bags, mostly Rio, at from 13½c to 14¼c, on the usual credit, including 250 bags Laguayra at 16@17c, on time; 300 bags Rio sold by auction at 14@14¼c, and 310 bags St. Domingo at 13⅝@13¾c, cash.

FEATHERS—The inquiry is limited and the market dull at 36@38c for Western.

FRUIT—Sales are making at $1@2,50 ₱ basket for Peaches and $1,50@3,50 ₱ bbl for Apples as in quality, the former rather scarce. Dried fruit is also scarce, and held with more firmness at 3½@4¼c for Apples, and 5@7c ₱ lb for Peaches.

HAY continues in steady demand at 60@70c the 100 lbs, the latter for good Timothy.

HEMP—There is very little stock out of the hands of the manufacturers, and nothing doing.

HOPS are but little inquired for, and sell in a small way at 20@25c ₱ lb, the latter for new crop.

IRON—There is some inquiry for this staple, and the market continues dull and unsettled, with sales of 1000 tons Anthracite to note, mostly in small lots, at $16½@17 for No 1; $18 for No 2, and $19 for No 1, in time. Nothing doing in other kinds to alter quotations.

LEAD is firm but quiet, and we hear of no further sales of any kind.

LUMBER is dull, with moderate sales of White Pine Boards at $11@14, Yellow Sap do at the same figures, and Laths on terms kept private.

MOLASSES is firm but quiet, with but little doing in the way of sales. Clayed is held at 25c, and Muscovado at 28@30c, usual terms.

PLASTER is arriving and selling slowly at $2,25 ₱ ton for soft.

RICE—The stock is light, and the demand limited at 6¼@6¾c ₱ lb, with sales of about 100 casks to note at the former figures.

SEEDS—There is some little Cloverseed arriving and selling at $5,75@5,95 ₱ bus, the latter for prime new crop. Timothy meets with a fair demand at $2@2,25, and domestic Flaxseed at $1,40@1,42 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—The market continues firm, and on the advance, the want of stock at the close limiting operations to some 1200 bbls, mostly Cuba, at from 23½c to 24c, including some Forto Rico at 23½@24c; 200 boxes Cuba also sold at 24¼@24½c, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW is quiet at 8¼@8½c for city rendered.

TOBACCO—The stock is very much reduced, and of some kinds there is nearly none, which has a tendency to limit operations. Holders are firm.

WOOL—The market for low and medium grades continues firm, with advance. Fine wool finds ready sale at 40@45c ₱ lb. There is more coming in. Fine fleece is inquired for, and some sales are reported on terms kept private.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1921 head. The prices realized were from 2 to 8¼ cts ₱ lb. 25 Cows brought from $25 to $40 each. 1000 Sheep were sold at from $6,00 to 6,50 ₱ cwt net. 1000 Hogs sold at from $5,00 to 5,50 ₱ cwt, net

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, September 14, 1861.

Alabama	par.	Missouri	15 dis.
Canada	4 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	2 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Delaware	2 dis.	New York City	par to 1 dis.
Georgia	20 dis.	New York State	par to 1 dis.
Illinois	90 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	15 to 20 dis.
Indiana	14 dis.	Nova Scotia	15 dis.
Iowa	20 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky	25 dis.	Rhode Island	2 dis.
Louisiana	25 dis.	South Carolina	20 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	10 dis.
Maryland	4 to 5 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	3 dis.	Virginia	25 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	20 to 75 dis.

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Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday evening, the 10th instant, by the Rev. W. H. Furness, JAMES J. WILSON, to SOPHIE JOSEPHINE, youngest daughter of the late Chas. Picot, Esq., of this city.

On the 13th of May, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. SENECA JAMES, to Miss ELIZABETH DELAVAN, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. JOHN W. MARTIN, to Miss ELISABETH DAVIS, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. H. E. Gilroy, LL.D., both of this city.

Mr. CHARLES W. SCHAFFER, to Miss ELLA SERVIS, both of Reading.

On the 3d of April, 1861, by Dr. W. T. Brantly, Mr. SAMUEL C. BISHOP, to Miss ANNIE O'NEILL, both of this city.

On the 30th inst., by the Rev. S. W. Thomas, Mr. CHARLES R. BARTON, to Miss JULIA A. SIMON, both of Rising Sun.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. T. C. Yarnall, Rector of St. Mary's Church, West Philadelphia, EDMUND J. GADSBY, to SARAH A. BAKER.

On the evening of Sept. 5th, by Mayor Henry, ROBERT D. PENNELL, to HANNAH W. DAVIS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday evening, 10th instant, after a severe illness, OLIVER S. JANNEY.

Suddenly, on the 8th instant, ISAAC KLINE, M. D, in his 69d year.

At Byberry, ninth mo, 7th, SARAH N. SAUNDERS, relict of Jos. Saunders, in her 75th year.

On the 8th instant, MRS. CHRISTIAN KEECH, wife of Mr. Wm. Keech, aged 75 years.

On the 9th instant, THOMAS B. HANKEN, in his 46th year.

On the 9th instant, WILLIAM SCHOFIELD, in his 61st year.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH KELLY, in her 60th year.

On the 8th instant, after a lingering illness, Mrs. ELIZABETH KEIM, widow of the late Geo. Keim, in her 74th year.

On the 8th instant, MR. JOHN HARRISON, in his 65th year.

On the 9th instant, BENJAMIN BROWNING, aged 43 years.

On the 9th instant, SARAH, wife of Alexander Adams, aged 26 years.

On the 9th instant, MR. CHARLES CLARK, aged 50 years.

"GET THE BEST."

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY.

NEW PICTORIAL EDITION.

Pictorial Illustrations of Military Terms.

Webster's Dictionary excels in these, and has, among others, pictorial representations of the following:

Barbacan, Bastion, Battlement, Bar-shot, Block house, Bombs, Cannon, Carronade, Chain-shot, Chevaux-de-frise, Caltrop, Limbers, Madrier, Martello Tower, Mortar, Portcullis, Ravelin, Redan, Star Forts, &c.

No other English Dictionary published in this country has a fourth part of these.

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Definitions of Military Terms.

As, the foregoing, and Abatis, Ambulance, Ambuscade, Armistice, Banquette, Bivouac, Brevet, Caisson, Caliber, Canister shot, Cantonment, Casemate, Cartel, Cartridge, Chamade, Commissary, Commissariat, Counterscarp, Chef de battaillon, Cul de Sac, Dahlgren gun, Minie rifle, &c., &c.

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A MILD, PROMPT & EFFECTIVE REMEDY.

There is scarcely any disease in which purgative medicines are not required; and much sickness and suffering might be prevented if such were generally used. No person can feel well while a costive habit of body prevails; besides, it soon generates serious and often fatal diseases, which might be avoided by timely and judicious use of proper Cathartic medicines.

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Are recommended with the greatest confidence, in the belief of having demonstrated them to be superior to any other in use, being more mild, prompt, safe and uniform in their operation. While using them no particular care is required, and patients may eat and drink as usual. Age will not impair them, as they are so combined as to always readily dissolve in the stomach. In small doses they are alterative and gently laxative, but in large doses are actively cathartic, cleansing the whole alimentary canal from all putrid, irritating and foreal matter.

For DYSPEPSIA, these Pills are really an invaluable article, gradually changing the vitiated secretions of the Stomach and Liver, and producing healthy action in those important organs. In cases of long standing, a cure will be more speedily effected by using in conjunction with the Pills, either JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE or TONIC VERMIFUGE, according to directions.

For Liver Complaint, Gout, Jaundice, Affections of the Bladder and Kidneys, Fevers, Nervousness, Diseases of the Skin, Impurity of the Blood, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Piles, Female Diseases, and Bilious Affections, these Pills have proved themselves eminently successful. All that is asked for them is a fair trial.

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They relieve a Cough instantly.
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They give strength and volume to the Voice.
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They are made of simple herbs and cannot harm any one.

I advise every one who has a Cough or a Husky Voice or a Bad Breath, or any difficulty of the Throat, to get a package of my Throat Confections, they will relieve you instantly, and you will agree with me that "they go right to the spot." You will find them very useful and pleasant while travelling or attending public meetings for stilling your Cough or allaying your thirst. If you try one package I am safe in saying that you will ever afterwards consider them indispensable. You will find them at the Drug gists and Dealers in Medicines.

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CEPHALIC PILLS,

CURE

SICK HEADACHE;

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ALL KINDS

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HEADACHE.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness.*

For Literary Men, Students, Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits,* they are valuable as a *Laxative,* improving the *appetite,* giving *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

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They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, *and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

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The Commencement will take place early in March.

Fees.—For a full course of Lectures, $60. Matriculation, $5. Practical Anatomy, $10. Graduation, $25. C. G. BROOKS, M. D., Dean. my15eow1yt 1230 Vine Street.

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Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Do not allow your cold to take its own course. Two thirds of the victims of Consumption owe their afflictions to the fatal mistake of "waiting for a cough to get well itself." Do not fall into this error, but avail yourself at once of a remedy which twenty-five years' experience has demonstrated is certain to procure a speedy cure.

HAVE YOU ASTHMA or PHTHISIS?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, which will overcome the spasmodic contraction of the air tubes and lungs, and cause the thick mucus or matter which clogs them up, and by an easy and free expectoration remove all difficulty of breathing.

HAVE YOU BRONCHITIS?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. This wide-spread disease, which may be generally described as an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the wind tubes or air vessels, spreading through every part of the lungs, is often mistaken for Consumption. The Expectorant subdues this inflammation, relieves the attending cough, pain, and difficulty of breathing, and, if the case is not of too long standing, will certainly produce a cure.

HAVE YOU CONSUMPTION?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. It cleanses the lungs from all irritating matters, allays all irritation, heals the ulcers, and restores them. Of all the remedies which have been offered the public for this dread disease, none have stood the test of time, and maintained so universal a popularity, as this Expectorant. Thousands who have been given up by their physicians as incurable, have been restored to perfect health by its use, and their testimony must carry conviction to all who read it.

HAVE YOU PLEURISY?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. By taking two or three large doses in the early stages of the disease, in quick succession, and covering up warmly in bed, this preparation acts as a powerful diaphoretic or sweating medicine, and subdues the inflammation at the outset.

HAVE YOU WHOOPING COUGH!

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. There is no remedy which so effectually overcomes this disease as the Expectorant. What parent can witness the distress, and fear for the result of this distressing complaint, without doing all in her power for their relief? What medicine so pleasant to the taste, or so certain to produce immediate benefit? Give it a trial, then, and let it prove its efficacy.

HAVE YOU CROUP?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Children are subject to no disease more sudden in its attacks, or, in the absence of prompt relief, more certain to be fatal than Croup. Parents, therefore, should keep at hand a remedy sure and thorough. Such a remedy may be found in the Expectorant, and every careful mother will keep a supply.

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is a standard medicine. For twenty-five years it has been before the public, and during this period its curative powers have been testified to by all classes of people in all quarters of the world. Physicians, clergymen, lawyers, merchants and mechanics, have given certificates of its remedial effects, and have furnished us with their testimony, and it may be found at length in our Almanac. To their convincing certificates we would refer the doubting.

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THE VOICE OF FORT LAFAYETTE.

[An enthusiastic and highly respectable *Peace Meeting* was held a day or two ago in Fort Lafayette, New York harbor, at which the following poem was sung with great enthusiasm:—]

A SONG OF PEACE.

Dear brothers, we have met to-day
To talk about the nation,
And give the flag and feather white
Their proper elevation.

Let others sing the Red and Blue,
We brethren, here together,
Will sing the White, the color true
For liver, flag and feather.

We're gathered here from various States,
And though we scarcely need 'em,
We're board and lodging very free,
But little other freedom.

Between ourselves, you know, my friends,
We mean, if they'll release us,
To work for peace, indeed to make
The Union several pieces.

We must have peace, for unless we do,
There's nothing at all can save us;
We must have peace, if it only should be
A piece of his mind from Davis.

Meanwhile we'll have a jolly time,
For it would be a pity
To grumble about a prisoner's fate
So near to New York city.

We're good friends there, for there's Ben Wood;
Ben would if he could befriend us,
And in return for our solid cash,
Would lottery policies lend us.

Then if he found us figuring large
Upon his daily pay-book,
He'd give us a puff in the *Daily News*,
Or buy one cheap in the *Day Book*.

So now keep cool and shady too,
For this there's ample reason;
Since this fair isle, though rather bare,
Is well supplied with treason.

And let old Abe go on and growl,
Like other vulgar praters;
We scorn such common trash as he,
We're classed among first-raters.

Among the first of traitors, yes,
For Gorgey, Arnold, Judas.
Although they came ahead of us,
Of glory can't denude us.

So all be jolly then, my boys,
And join me in my ballad,
And then we'll take our daily meal,
With lettuce alone for salad.

And if they'll only let us alone,
And ship us all to a landing
In Dixie's Land, we'll give them a peace
That passeth understanding.

—*Evening Bulletin.*

WHAT HE SAW.

The California Mirror comes to us containing the following satire on many of the large stories published of wonderful achievements at the battle of Bull's Run. It will do to laugh at:—

DEAR MIRROR.—I arrived at the seat of war yesterday, the 25th of July. The Minnesota regiment, Col. Cannon, marched with a front of twenty-four solid over the first two miles of the enemy's entrenchments. A detachment of artillery, commanded by Beauregard in person, opened ten pieces, each sighted by Jeff. Davis, who rode a zebra-striped charger, on this brave but devoted band. They proceeded, utterly regardless of expense, and would actually have taken the battery firing on them, but on reaching it, only one man of the 1,200 known to have gone into that terrible charge, remained alive and standing. Seeing himself utterly alone, he "fizzled," and at one bound knocked Jeff. Davis from his zebra steed, and leaping him over the gun Jeff. Davis was in the act of sighting to fire at the Zouaves, who had rallied, careered over the field to report the result of the charge to Gen. McDowell. Mac received the Minnesota regiment and his trophy with evidences of sympathy, but reprimanded it for retreating without orders.

Since writing the above, I have learned that ten men reached Beauregard's battery, when finding themselves outnumbered ten thousand to one, they retreated in good order, covering their retreat with fragments of shells found on the field, placed so as to protect the most exposed part of their persons. They were perfectly naked, having stripped to the skin when they "went in to win."

A subsequent despatch states that the loss of the Minnesota regiment was not so great as reported—one man killed and three slightly wounded. They fought like devils, and when compelled to fall back, did so in good order, bringing off four pieces of artillery and 230 prisoners, among whom were several officers of high rank and fifty horses; but being infantry, the horses were useless, and were turned loose. So true is the instinct of these noble animals that they galloped directly for our lines and fell in with McDowell's escort. Take it all in all, this was the biggest fight on record. The Highlanders, the 69th Celts, of Roman and Spanish stock, and the Zouaves, suffered beyond anything ever before witnessed. Beauregard rode a white horse, which a Zouave carried from under him in one of the numerous desperate charges made by those gallant fellows during the day. Beauregard was hurt but slightly by the shock and fall, and was subsequently seen cheering his men, who showed signs of weakness in the loins, to stand up to the rack, mounted on a blue mule with black stripes over his shoulder and rings of the same color on his four legs.

The Zouave's name who carried Beauregard's horse from under him, was John Smith, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. The rebels fell back, back, back, for eleven hours. The 35,000 who began the retreat did not see the flash of a cannon during the fight; the 20,000 engaged did not retreat till they heard by courier after courier the vast reserve had left, and that they were unsupported against 60,000 fresh troops within half pistol shot. It was at this point the carnage of the rebels became tremendous. Some of our boys, about 5,000 or 7,000, were hemmed in and surrounded a hundred deep; they formed into wedge column and bored through or rather split through as best they might, towards the rear; retreating, they took a battery, and poured a hundred volleys of grape and canister and chain-shot, and log-chains and axe-poles, and hatchet heads and hard bread into the enemy; these shots must have killed several thousand of the rebels; those hard bread cakes are a frightful arm at close quarters when they go out facewise. In this case they pass right through a man, or ten men if they are that deep, and the sudden flashing of light through so large an aperture, and it red, makes the wound at first resemble a full moon on the horizon, but in a moment the hole collapses and there is an eclipse. Our men got off with a loss of only three killed, forty wounded, and two thousand missing. The rebel loss must be immensely greater, as they could not use their artillery to advantage till we got off their guns, where we often rested to get breath during the fight. Our rear rank ran to keep from being run down by the front, and the front retreated in good order, being so exhausted with eleven hours' of fighting that they could not run. They retreated, not from any fear of the rebels, but because they were so numerous that they knew they must eventually be entirely worn out with slaughtering them, when the survivors would easily overpower them; they merely fell back while they had strength enough remaining to reach their entrenchments. AN EYE WITNESS.

NEW KIND OF SPIRITUALISM.—Recently at one of our hotels, while a party were holding an argument on the subject of spiritualism, a wag volunteered to express his belief that there was something in it, as he himself was a sort of a "medium." "How a medium?" inquired the landlord. "Why," replied the wag, "I can do a good many mysterious things; for instance, I can make a bell ring without touching it." The landlord offered to bet him he could not. The wag persisted, and said that he would lay $20 that he could make at least a dozen of the bells in that room ring within two minutes, without moving from where he sat. "Done!" exclaimed the landlord, and the money was put up. The wag turned round in his seat, opened a closet door, and turned off the gas from the upper part of the building. In less than one minute half the bells in the office began to ring violently. The lodgers above had lost their lights. The $20 was fairly won. —*N. Y. Atlas.*

A PLAIN QUESTION.—The experience of the politician in the West is often amusing, and occasionally otherwise. Several years ago Governor Cowell and Hon. David Heinweather were canvassing, the one for State Governor, the other for Congress. Passing through Carroll, they stopped for dinner one day at the house of a simple-hearted old lady. Seated around the humble board, the Governor chanced to remark, upon noticing the staple character of the food before them, that, whenever he could get buttermilk and corn bread he ate nothing else. The good woman, whose estimate of those dishes, it seemed, was not so exalted, paused for a moment in surprise, looked steadily upon him, and exclaimed, "See here, stranger, ain't you a lyin'?" The half subdued laughter of his companion, and the silent confusion of the speaker himself, revealed the "lower deep" to which the mercury of his pride had fallen.

TRUE TO THE LIFE.—A school teacher in Alabama had among her scholars one incorrigible little Miss, upon whom "moral suasion" seemed to have no effect. One day, out of all patience with some misdemeanor on the part of the child, she called her up to the desk, and expostulated with her on the impropriety of her conduct, setting forth the enormity of her offences, etc. The little girl paid little attention at first, but at length she seemed to realize her guilt more fully, and watching her teacher closely, seemed to drink in every word she said. The lady began to have hope; her instructions were evidently making an impression. At length she made a slight pause—for breath, I suppose—when up spoke the child, with eyes fixed upon her teacher, and with the utmost gravity—

"Why, Miss Susan, your upper jaw don't move a bit!"

That was the end of that discourse.

RUSSIAN WIFE SHOW.—The wife-show is now the last lingering relic of what was once a popular national custom. Here the sons and daughters of tradesmen were wont to assemble to select their partners for life. The girls would come decked out in all the valuable ornaments the family could raise, and sometimes carrying in their hands a bunch of silver teaspoons, or playing gracefully with a large silver ladle as if it were a fan; while the young men, also appearing to the best advantage, would stroll by them, and, on seeing any young lady who particularly struck their fancy, would politely inquire about her dower from the parents, who invariably accompanied the blushing damsels. The custom so far exists to the present day, that, had I been matrimonially disposed, I might have selected a wife without even the trouble of advertising, to say nothing of saving the time which the more conventional customs of my native land deemed requisite for a courtship.

☞ Love is said to enter a man's heart through his eyes, and passing thence through his lips, enter woman's heart through her ears, and thence passes to her eyes.

DIVERSIONS OF DRILL.

CANDID COMRADE.—"I tell you what I've been thinking, Buffles. It is a capital thing to be as stout as you are."

BUFFLES, who does not appear to see it, asks "Why?"

CANDID COMRADE.—"Because no regulation bayonet could go through *you*."

THE AGE OF THE WORLD.—An English engineer, named Leonard Horner, has sunk ninety-five shafts in the valley of the Nile, with the view of ascertaining the age of Egypt by counting the layers deposited annually. The layers were everywhere found regular, and the sediment seems to have been deposited at the rate of three and-a-half inches in a century. According to this, 13,700 years ago man was far enough advanced in Egypt to manufacture pottery, as thirty feet four inches below the surface, fragments of pottery, which exhibited considerable skill, were found in a good state of preservation. This tallies very well with the estimates of Lepsius and other Egyptian scholars, and shows the earth is much older than is popularly supposed. At the depth above mentioned, gravel was found; and how long it was before the land and water were separated—how long this gravel was forming before the Nile overflowed it, or before the waters were impregnated with vegetable matter—God only knows, or ever can know.

MODEL PEACE MEN.—The Springfield Republican tells the following story:—

There are but two peace men in Springfield, E—— and B——, both mammonites. For a long time there was but one, B—— hesitating to decide fully. At last, E——, getting impatient at his friend, said, "Come, you've been neither one thing nor the other long enough—now," he continued, taking a cent out of his pocket, "we'll toss up to see which you'll be, patriot or peace man—which will you have?" "No," said B——, looking eagerly at the hand which held the money, "I won't do that; I don't believe in deciding principles that way; but if you'll give me the cent, I'll come out on your side."

☞ The pulp of potatoes scraped into water cleanses the finest kinds of silk without injury to the fabric or color.

Agricultural.

CORN-GROWING AT THE WEST.

Under this head the Illinois Farmer very ably discusses the question whether Indian corn can be profitably grown at the West for exportation. It is estimated that 20,000,000 bushels of the crop of 1860 had been shipped from Illinois, at an average price to the farmer of twenty cents a bushel, delivered at railroad depots, which price, it is held, is not more than the cost of production; and yet the price at the present time is not more than *ten* cents a bushel.

Among the causes which have produced the low price of this article, some persons consider the war a prominent one; but the writer of the article alluded to, thinks the war has less to do with it than some other causes. He says corn could not, if the country were at pence, be worth more than sixteen cents a bushel in Illinois to ship to New Orleans. The lowest price at which corn can be delivered in Chicago, under the present mode of cultivation, is put at forty cents a bushel; but it is thought that better modes might be adopted which would allow it to be delivered at 35 cents, which is believed to be "the lowest price that will permit of its profitable production, and that will bring to market any large amount." It is therefore concluded that this crop will not be largely produced for exportation, though it will always be the most profitable article for the production of beef and pork.

The causes which have reduced the price of corn at the West, and which will probably keep it down, are deemed to be the following: The extensive use of kerosine in the place of alcohol for burning; the substitution of lager beer for whiskey; the improvement of the wine crop of Europe, superseding the use of wines made from alcohol; the discovery of oil wells, which it is thought will lessen the demand for corn many millions of bushels; the making and use of domestic wines; "the wonderful extension of the spring wheat crop, by which cheap flour is supplied to the masses;" improvement in the culture and the increased supply of winter wheat; "the sowing of winter rye and using the crop for 'hogging down'—that is, allowing the hogs to do the harvesting." All these displace, more or less, Indian corn. The great engine of consumption of this grain at the West, has heretofore been the distillery; "this has been the great seething cauldron that absorbed the corn crop and maintained its high price." Consequently, so other articles take the place of those from the still, the price of corn—the production being the same—must fall.

HOW SEEDS ARE DISSEMINATED.

BIRD-PLANTERS. — Occasionally, when threading the woods in the fall, you will hear a sound as if some one had broken a twig, and looking up, see a jay pecking at an acorn, or you will see a flock of them at once about it, on the top of an oak, and hear them break them off. They then fly to a suitable limb, and placing the acorn under one foot, hammer away at it busily, making a sound like a woodpecker's tapping, looking round from time to time, to see if any foe is approaching, and soon reach the meat, and nibble at it, holding up their heads to swallow, while they hold the remainder very firmly with their claws. Nevertheless, it often drops to the ground before the bird has done with it. I can confirm what William Bertram wrote to Wilson, the ornithologist, that "the jay is one of the most useful agents in the economy of nature for disseminating forest trees, and other nuciferous and hard-seeded vegetables, on which they live." Their chief employment during the autumnal season is foraging, to supply their winter stores. In performing this necessary duty, they drop abundance of seed in their flight over fields, hedges, and by fences where they alight to deposit them in the post-holes, etc. It is remarkable what numbers of young trees rise up in the fields and pastures after a wet winter and spring. These birds alone are capable, in a few years time, to replant the cleared lands.

SQUIRREL PLANTERS.—I have noticed that squirrels also frequently drop their nuts in open land, which will still further account for the oaks and walnuts which spring up in pastures; for depend on it, every new tree comes from a seed. When I examine the little oaks, one or two years old, in such places, I invariably find the empty acorn from which they sprung.

So far from the seed having lain dormant in the soil since oaks grew there before, as many believe, it is well known that it is difficult to preserve the vitality of acorns long enough to transport them to Europe; and it is recommended in Loudon's Arboretum, as the safest course, to sprout them in pots on the voyage. The same authority states that "very few acorns of any species will germinate having been kept a year," that beech mast "only retains its vital properties one year," and the black walnut "seldom more than six months after it has ripened." I have frequently found that in November almost every acorn left on the ground had sprouted or decayed. What with frost, drought, moisture, and worms, the greater part are soon destroyed. Yet it is stated by one botanical writer that "acorns that have lain for centuries, on being ploughed up, have soon vegetated."—*Thoreau.*

WORK BULLS.

All bulls might be made to do work enough to pay the expense of keeping them, and they would in every respect be the better for it. If they have any disposition to be turbulent, nothing will more effectually take the conceit out of them, and render them safe and manageable, than constant labor.

MR. E. R. Andrews, of West Roxbury, own the imported Ayrshire bull Albert, and for some time past has worked him almost daily. A yoke was made for him, and by means of a saddle and breeching, he is harnessed in the thills of a wagon or cart, and hauls any load of suitable weight for a horse. Indeed the men who have him in charge, state that he can pull more than any horse on the farm. They take him to the field, and carry from thence to the barn, a ton or more of grain or hay at once. He is very tractable and easily managed; but is quick in his action, generally walking faster than a horse commonly does. He has been used considerably hauling manure out of the barn-cellar, and there being considerable of a rise in the ground, he has been shod to assist him in getting a foothold, and to keep him from getting foot-sore. We were assured that he often takes a heavier load up this rise than two stout horses could. He is said to be handy anywhere. A man saddles him as he would a horse; gets on his back, and by lines attached to the ring in his nose, guides him, and takes the road at a smart space. In fact he is made generally useful about the premises.—*Boston Cultivator.*

HOG FEEDING.—Mr. Taggert, of Wayne, Ohio, at a meeting of the Ohio State Agricultural Society, said he was not in favor of feeding hogs long, to make them weigh large weights. He kept his in the clover field till the beginning of September; then when the corn begins to harden, cuts it up, both ear and stalk, and feeds it to them. "One bushel of corn, in September, will fatten more than one and a half in December." Mr. T. recommends killing by the 15th of November, as being the most profitable time, for then there has been little expenditure of carbon, for the production of heat, when if left for another month, the cold, wintry storms make this necessary.

Useful Receipts.

MR. EDITOR:—Having no disposition to preach a doctrine I don't practice, or in any manner invite to extravagance when strict economy ought to be the universal rule, I beg to present for the consideration of housekeepers, the process of making up a few plain dishes, the excellence of which I have tested by long experience—the first of these being

BUCKWHEAT PONE.—I once astonished the landlady of a Boston hotel, by my inquiry why she never had buckwheat cakes for breakfast. "Buckwheat cakes!" she exclaimed, in amazement; "why, I didn't know that buckwheat was good for anything but *feeding hogs!*" Now, those who believe that buckwheat is only good for griddle cakes, have something yet to learn of its value, though not quite so much as my Boston landlady. It makes a capital pudding, and with the addition of pumpkin, a loaf, or "pone" unequalled.

Stew ripe, sweet, fine-grained pumpkin, until thoroughly cooked; then mash and force through a coarse cloth or fine hair sieve, thereby freeing it from every vestige of a lump. Take two-thirds buckwheat flour and one-third pumpkin, mix with warm milk, salt and yeast, as for wheat bread, until the batter is as stiff as can be conveniently stirred with a strong iron spoon. Grease the inside of an iron basin, skillet, or, what is better, an old-fashioned Dutch bake kettle; fill it half full of the batter and set it to rise. When light, place it on the hearth—if you have a fireplace, with coals underneath and on the cover—if you use a stove, have the oven moderately hot, and bake three hours. The pone, with good, sweet butter, is excellent, either warm or cold.

SUCCOTASH.—Succotash, made Indian fashion, is a capital dish either in summer time, winter time, or any other time, all the year round; but in order to have it in perfection out of the season of green corn and beans, it is necessary to have these constituents as naturally green as possible; and as during a five years' trial with all the patent self-sealing cans invented, I always failed of bringing out my green corn and beans for winter use in a satisfactory condition, I resorted to sun, salt, and common earthen jars, and am quite satisfied as to results.

Cut the green corn from the cob, taking it before it has the least *glaze;* shell an equal quantity of Casckniffe, Mohawk, or Horticultural beans, when full size, but not hard; scald both together for five minutes, expose to the sun one day, and then pack down in jar or keg—first a half-inch of coarse salt, then an inch of corn and beans, and so on alternately, covering at last with salt, and putting on a board and weight to keep the mass compact. For winter use, soak the mess to be cooked twelve hours, changing the water twice, and boil two hours with sweet salt pork (not bacon or other *smoked* meat). Season with pepper, add a lump of butter, and serve hot.

"A TWO STORY."—That's the name I learned it by years ago, when at sea with my husband; and although so far as I know, it is a nautical dish, having had for its inventor some ingenious jack-tar, it is nevertheless palatable enough on shore, when properly cooked, which tempts me to present it to the public, salt-water cognomen and all, never having learned or invented any other.

Peel and cut in thin slices potatoes and onions in the proportion of five potatoes to one onion. Cut sweet, fat pork into thin slices also; take as much fresh meat, either beef, veal or mutton, as you have pork, cut it into ounce pieces, and finally roll out dough slightly shortened, as for pie-crust. Place in the bottom of a pot or stew-pan, slices of the pork, until it is quite covered; then put in a layer of fresh meat, potatoes and onions, dust with pepper, and cover nicely with a crust. Begin again with a layer of pork, then the other materials, and cover with crust as before, thus continuing until you have constructed a *five or six story* if you like; then pour in just water enough to cover it, and cook two hours, without allowing it to come to a boil.

CANTALOUPE PICKLES.—Take cantaloupes just when they begin to turn yellow, but while the flesh is still solid; pare, cut up in slices half an inch thick; dip a moment in hot water, and then pack in jars with spice and cloves, and cover with good pickling vinegar. In a week you will have as delicate and fine flavored a pickle as was ever made. —MRS. E. D. KENDALL.—*Country Gentleman.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 21, 6, 12, 13, 17, 11, was famous in the Crimean war.
My 9, 3, 7, 1, 2, is a town in Scotland.
My 17, 11, 15, 3, 4, is a range of mountains.
My 6, 21, 10, 7, 10, 5, is a mountain mentioned in the Bible.
My 16, 3, 18, 12, 6, 15, is a country in Asia.
My 15, 21, 20, 8, 15, 3, 19, is a city in Europe.
My 3, 13, 16, 6, 5, is a celebrated island.
My 12, 20, 19, 14, 4, 8, 3, 20, is a river in the Middle States.
My 2, 6, 5, 1, 20, 7, 10, 4, is a cape on the Atlantic coast.
My 13, 6, 9, 13, 17, 19, 15, is a very cold country.
My 11, 6, 9, 13, 3, 8, is a city in Europe.
My 8, 5, 2, 20, 13, 3, 18, 6, is an island famous in history.
My whole should be honored by every true patriot. W. G. S.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 2, 10, 5, 6, was a Swiss patriot.
My 14, 1, 11, 4, is a city in Europe.
My 8, 22, 19, 2, is used by the soldier.
My 9, 13, 18, is a celebrated inventor.
My 3, 20, 17, 22, is the bee's palace.
My 16, 7, 13, 8, is part of a yard.
My 21, 15, 2, is a dwelling place.
My whole is one of Shakspeare's plays.

LOCIUS.

OMISSION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.

Omit my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, double my 6th, and I am not well.
Omit my 2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, and I am to make better.
Omit my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 14, and I am fondled.
Omit my 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, and I am not idle.
Omit my 1, 3, 3, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 13, 14, double my 6th, and I am not empty.
Omit my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 11, 12, 13, and I am to have sight.

My whole is contained in the Saturday Evening Post. S. LAIRD.

RIDDLE.

BY SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

The following is ascribed to Sir Isaac Newton, on the authority of Horace Walpole:—

Four persons sat down at a table to play,
They played all that night and part of next day.
It must be observed that when they were seated,
Nobody played with them, and nobody betted;
When they rose from the place, each was winner a guinea.
Now tell me this riddle, and prove you're no ninny.

☞ An answer is requested.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose an eagle starts from Philadelphia, and flies due east at the rate of 50 miles an hour, and at the same time, another eagle starts 240 miles south of Philadelphia, and flies directly towards the first, continually, at the rate of 70 miles an hour. Required—the distance each will have flown when they come together, and the nature of the *curve* described by the second eagle?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Five men, A, B, C, D and E, divided a certain sum of money among them. The first two, A and B, got $22 to every $51 that the other three, C, D and E, got. B and C got $27 to every $46 that D, E and A got. C and D got $31 to every $42 that E, A and B got; and D and E got $36 to every $37 that A, B and C got. Now, if we multiply A's share by that of B for a divisor, and multiply the share of D by that of E for a dividend, and divide the latter by the former, adding $704,63⅔ to the quotient, we shall find the true sum of money these five men divided among themselves, and also notice how much each man got for himself. DANIEL DIEFENBACK.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is an army an anomaly in natural history? Ans.—Because it *flies* when its *wings are broken.*

☞ Why were the utensils used at the feast of Belshazzar like some of the very prudent men of that period? Ans.—Because they were judicious (Jew-dishes.)

☞ When is coffee like the earth? Ans.—When it is ground.

☞ I say, Cuffee, what ribber am like a human critter?

Cuffee declined, for the best of reasons, to reply.

"Yah, yah!" chuckled Sambo; "why, him *Amazon*, you stupid nigger."

☞ Why was Noah Webster an *enchanter?* Ans.—Because of his tremendous *spells.*

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Cosmopolitan Art Association, founded June, one thousand, eight hundred and fifty-four. MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—Artemas Martin. RIDDLE.—Secession. DOUBLE REBUS.—Canton, in Asia. (Cincinnati, Aleutian, Nebraska, Theiss, Orful, Niagara.) RIDDLE.—Seward.

Answer to Problem by Oliver S. Harris, published July 20th. He gave 220 rods and 144 rods of land to each of his eight children, in each of their respective squares. The centres of the different squares are 226 rods apart. And the centre of the four sections is 319.611951 rods from the centres of the four corner squares; but also 226 rods from the centre of the four squares lying between them. Also answer to Problem by same published Aug. 3rd. The bowling green contained 4 acres and 104.8380 perches, of which 3 acres being grazed by the three horses, would leave 1 acre and 102.8380 perches as the portion ungrazed. Daniel Diefenbach, Kratzerville, Pa.

☞ "My success," said one of the founders of the house of Rothschild, "all turns on one maxim: 'I can do what another man can.'"